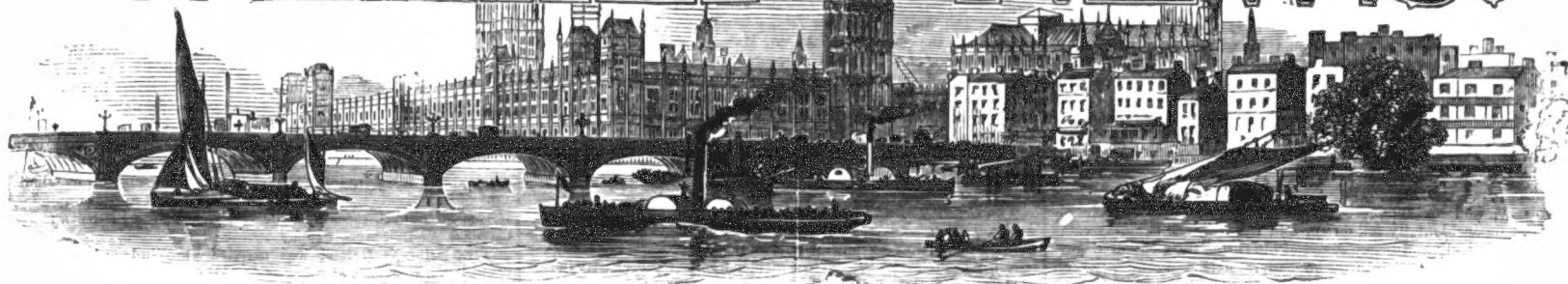


*John Duke 318 Strand*

# PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



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LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1866.

ONE PENNY.



HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS HELENA AND HER BRIDESMAIDS. (See page 74.)



## Notes of the Week.

On Sunday morning, a few minutes before eleven o'clock, a fire broke out on the extensive horse repository and livery stables, in the occupation of Mr. William Collins, situate in Mount-street, Westminster-road, and resulted in the total destruction of the whole range of stabling, straw, hay, and harness warehouses, and serious injury by burning several of the very valuable stock of horses, about fifty in number. The cause of the fire is unknown. Mr. Collins is partially insured.

On Sunday evening a small sailing-boat was upset off Wandsworth-meadows, through the unskillfulness of one of the four persons aboard of her, who, finding the boat becalmed, had fastened the mainsheet, when a sudden gust of wind threw her on her beam ends, and before they could unfasten the sheet she filled and sank. Three of the party saved themselves by swimming to a boat which came to their assistance, but the fourth, John Campbell, aged eighteen, of Prince's-place, Vauxhall, was unfortunately drowned.

On Monday, an inquest was held at Stratford on the body of Richard Tompkins, aged thirty-two years. The deceased was a drayman, in the employ of Mr. Crocker, of the Holly Tree Brewery, and on Wednesday last, while walking alongside his horses, he accidentally fell down, and the wheel of the dray came against his body and broke seven of his ribs. He died on Saturday last from internal injuries he had received. Verdict, "Accidental death."

On Monday some very important experiments were made on the South-Eastern Railway preparatory to the adoption on that line of a system of communication between railway guards and passengers. A special train left London shortly before noon for Dover, with Lord Robert Grosvenor, M.P., Lord Mahon, Mr. E. Watkin, chairman of the South-Eastern Railway; Mr. C. W. Eborall, general manager, South-Eastern Railway; Mr. J. P. Knight, traffic superintendent, South-Eastern Railway; Mr. C. B. Walker, F.R.S., telegraphic engineer, South-Eastern Railway, &c. The train consisted of five first-class carriages, two second, two breaks, and an engine. This system of communication is the invention of Mr. Walker, and is an improvement upon that which was formerly experimented upon. It may be thus briefly described:—In each department of the several carriages is a spring resembling in appearance a bell-pull. The pulling of this by a passenger inside the carriage causes a bell to ring in either of the breaks, and it is thus that an alarm is raised. At the instant the bell is pulled, a round sign springs open on the outside of the carriage, indicating the department in which the signal is given. To prevent false alarms, and in order to ascertain the person who pulled the bell, the pull, on being drawn out, disconnects itself with the apparatus and remains in the hand of the person who pulled it, it being impossible to replace it without a proper key. It being presumed that this is sufficient communication between passengers and guards, a telegraphic wire gives an equally easy communication between guard and guard, and guard and engine-driver. The experiments made yesterday proved most successful. On its journey from Charing-cross to Dover the train was pulled up several times within 500 yards on the giving of a signal when travelling at the speed of forty miles an hour, and other tests were applied, which proved that Mr. Walker's system of communication is both simple and complete.

## The Court.

Their Majesties the King and Queen of the Belgians returned to Brussels on Saturday last, after a short visit to this country.

The Queen, accompanied by their Royal Highnesses Princess Louise, Prince Leopold, and Princess Beatrice, and the ladies and gentlemen in waiting, arrived at Osborne on Saturday, having crossed over from Gosport in the royal yacht *Alberta*.

Their Royal Highnesses Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, attended by Lady Susan Melville and Major-General Seymour, C.B., met her Majesty on landing at the Trinity Pier, Cowes.

By command of the Queen a state concert was given on Monday evening at Buckingham Palace, to which a party of nearly 800 was invited. Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, attended by the Countess of Morton, the Hon. Mrs. E. Coke, Earl Spencer, Lord Harris, Viscount Hamilton, Major Grey, and the Hon. C. L. Wood, and escorted by a detachment of the 2nd Life Guards, arrived at the garden entrance of the palace from Marlborough House about ten o'clock.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh arrived from Clarence House, attended by the Hon. E. Yorke.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge arrived from Gloucester House, attended by Colonel Clifton.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge arrived from St. James's Palace, attended by the Hon. Geraldine Somerset and Colonel Home Purves.

Her Majesty Queen Emma of the Sandwich Islands was to have been present at the concert, but was prevented by indisposition from attending.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by the members of the royal family, conducted by Viscount Sydney (the Lord Chamberlain), and attended by their ladies and gentlemen in waiting, entered the saloon at a quarter past ten o'clock, when the concert immediately commenced.

The performers, exceeding 160 in number, consisted of her Majesty's private band, aided by several instrumentalists of the Philharmonic Society, Her Majesty's Theatre, and the Royal Italian Opera, the chorus being selected from the operas and the Sacred Harmonic Society, Exeter Hall.

The performance was conducted by Mr. Anderson, the director of her Majesty's private band.

Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales and household will leave Marlborough House on Monday next, according to previous arrangements, for Sandringham, where their royal highnesses purpose to pass a few weeks before going to Scotland for the autumn.

The *Brighton Herald* says that one evening last week a part of the road near Lewes, for a distance of nearly 200 yards, was literally covered with young frogs. They were proceeding towards a pond in the neighbourhood. A heavy shower of rain and hail had just fallen. The frogs were no bigger than spiders.

**PAINFUL TEETH, OR DISEASED STOMACHS, EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN.**—No Chloroform, and perfectly safe.—Mr. DAY (many years with Mr. Eschell, Dental Surgeon, of 8, Grosvenor-street, W.), guarantees perfect freedom from pain in this or any other Dental operation. Exclusively Enamelled Artificial Teeth at 5s. each, and the best 10s. each, unsurpassed for comfort, appearance, and durability. Made and fitted in a few hours when required. Consultations free.—291, REGENT-STREET (three doors from the Polytechnic).—[Advertisement.]

## Foreign News.

## FRANCE.

The cholera has been raging fearfully at Amiens, and the Empress determined to visit the suffering sick of that place. The Empress, on her arrival at Amiens, was received at the railway station by the principal functionaries of the department, the bishop, the procureur-general, the mayor of Amiens, and the military authorities. Her Majesty at once proceeded to the Hotel Dieu, and was met by Dr. Tavernier, principal physician, and M. Alexandre, head surgeon. The imperial visitor approached the bed of each patient, and spoke a few kindly words, and after a long stay returned to the prefecture. As her Majesty was leaving the hospital two poor children were presented to her as having been rendered orphaned by the cholera, and the Empress immediately announced her determination to adopt them. After a rapid déjeuner her Majesty visited all the other establishments for the reception of cholera patients in the city, and then left for Paris. On issuing from the railway terminus her Majesty was received by a large crowd who had become aware of her visit to the infected city, and who cheered her most enthusiastically.

The *Constitutionnel*, in remarking on the visit of the Empress to Amiens, says:—"When courage and devotedness are in question, nothing astonishes us on the part of the Empress. That august lady has accustomed France to consider heroism and charity in her as simply a matter of course."

The American residents in Paris celebrated their national anniversary of July 4 by a *fete* in the Pro Catalan. The weather, which looked very threatening in the morning, turned out fine, though rather too cool for the season. The tent erected for dancing contained two portraits, one of Washington, the other of Napoleon III. Mr. and Mrs. Bigelow returned to Paris from their London visit expressly to be present on the occasion. At five o'clock, while a children's ball was going on, the Prince Imperial, accompanied by his tutor and his first *cuyer*, M. Bachelon, drove into the grounds. He was received, on alighting from his carriage, by Mrs. Bigelow, who shook hands with him. The company formed two lines, between which he walked across the lawn to the tent, the band all the time playing the "Reine Hortense." In the tent a little throne was improvised, in the shape of a cane-bottomed chair, upon which the prince sat, wearing his little straw hat, while all the rest of the company, except Mrs. Bigelow, remained standing, and the gentlemen uncovered. Mrs. Bigelow sat on a chair by the prince's side while the juvenile part of the company danced before him several polkas and grand rounds. He looked extremely well. His modest assurance was much admired and several American young ladies pronounced him decidedly a "duck of a prince." On leaving, the proposition of "three cheers for the Prince Imperial," made by Mr. Beckwith and Dr. Thomas Evans, was very heartily responded to. A good dinner, plenty of champagne, a little speechifying, in which patriotism was mixed with pleasantry, illuminations, and fireworks concluded a very delightful day.

A Paris letter of Saturday contains the following:—"It was on the morning of Wednesday that the first overtures of the Emperor of Austria arrived at the Tuileries by telegraph. The bases of negotiations were immediately transmitted to Vienna, and a good many hours elapsed before any answer came. Between four and six the Emperor presided at a meeting of the Privy Council and ministers, at which home affairs alone were talked of, the negotiations with Vienna not being then more advanced than to hold out a hope which it was thought better to say nothing about. It was not till nine in the evening that Prince Metternich called at the Tuileries to say he had full powers to treat on the bases transmitted to Vienna. The Emperor at once sent for the Empress to his study, and M. Drouyn de Lhuys was found very shortly afterwards. The conference between the four lasted till half-past ten. It is said that as Prince Metternich and M. Drouyn de Lhuys were taking their leave, the Emperor, turning to the Empress, said, 'Eugenie, this has been a good day for France. You at Amiens and I at Paris have done a good day's work.' All night the telegraph was employed in sending proposals for an armistice to the Kings of Prussia."

A Paris letter thus describes the Emperor's daily occupations:—"The Court has gone to Fontainebleau; it was the Empress's doing, for his Majesty would have declined taking even this mild holiday if they would have let him. Not that I imagine the Emperor ever rests much. Wherever he goes he is pursued by portfolios—ministers are constantly arriving—and as for telegrams, they haunt him like a remorse. Would you like some idea of how his Majesty passes a day? He gets up at seven o'clock and goes to his study. There he writes for an hour, and then ministers begin to call. This goes on till breakfast, at eleven. After that he returns to his study, and gives audiences. At twelve, say, there is a Council of State, which lasts till one—perhaps, till two. Then come more private audiences, which last till four. Then his Majesty, perhaps, gets a drive for two hours and a half, revelling in the sense of freedom which comes from escaping from all sorts of State etiquette, and driving two very free-going horses. The Emperor drives at an awful pace. About seven he returns and goes to his study, to see the accumulation of despatches which have arrived since he went out. Then dinner, a very rapid act; back again to the study, where his Majesty works till ten o'clock; then he goes into the Empress's drawing-room for an hour. All this you will please to observe is in ordinary times. During the last month telegrams have been coming every minute, and ministers calling every hour. With all this work, I do not think I have ever seen the Emperor look better than he does at this moment."

**EXECUTION OF AN ELEPHANT.**—An American circus, which has been travelling about Switzerland, was at Morat last week, and after exhibiting, amongst their other performances, two large elephants—one male and the other female—departed the next day for Friburg. The male, probably being over-fatigued by the constant marching, and irritated by the rough treatment of his keeper, suddenly seized the man, and tossing him to a great height, on his fall crushed his chest with his enormous foot before any assistance could be afforded. As it is generally understood that, after once killing a man, those animals are dangerous, the director of the circus decided upon having it killed, and for that purpose applied to the authorities of Friburg for a piece of cannon. This was granted, and the animal having been enticed into a favourable position, the gun was fired, and the huge brute fell dead. It may be remembered that the famous elephant, Middle Djeck, who, about thirty years ago, appeared in a grand Eastern piece at the Adelphi, under Yates, was afterwards tried in Switzerland by a municipal body (we think, at Geneva) for killing a man, and sentenced to death. A piece of cannon, fired point blank, terminated her existence.—*Galignani*.

## General News.

Intelligence has reached us of the bursting of another heavy cannon at Shoeburyness. The 600-pounder Elswick shunt rifled-gun has gone at the eighth round. Two hundred and fifty pounds plus considerable of cetera a shot is dear experimenting, and would make war handsomely costly for even the British nation if artilleryists could indeed be induced to bring such weapons into position. Happily there is a prospect of a change in these matters.

An auction of hair of young girls who have taken the veil since 1810 was recently held at a convent in Paris, when 890lbs. of hair were sold for £1,200.

It is quite possible that the business of the session may be brought to a close sufficiently early to allow of the prorogation taking place on Saturday, the 28th, or at the latest in the following week. When the adverse vote which upset the late Government was given on the 18th of June, the estimates were as far advanced as they usually are on the 15th of July; and unless private members are anxious to raise discussions, there is no reason why ten days or a fortnight should not suffice for winding up. The only discussion of much interest that appears imminent is that on church-rates on the 18th, which will be an ecclesiastical Wednesday.—*Sunday Gazette*.

The Princess Helena was married at Windsor. The scene was in one respect a strange one. All present had just read the announcement in the *Monitor*, and many must have felt as if marching in lace and jewels to their military execution. There was Prince Frederick of Holstein, the political life of whose family that peace finally ends, the King of the Belgians, whose dominion may yet be required for compensations, the Duke of Edinburgh, whose prospective throne has been swallowed up, the Duke of Cambridge, whose sister sinks from the wife of an independent sovereign to a German peeress, the Saxon and Hanoverian ministers, whose countries and courts have ceased to exist, the Austrian ambassador, just aware of final defeat, the Prussian ambassador, just realizing that his master is first among kings, and, finally, the Queen herself, just informed that one daughter is sure of an imperial crown, and another sure that she will never wear one.—*Spectator*.

We have to announce the demise of the Earl of Lanesborough, which took place on Saturday afternoon, at his residence in Great Stanhope-street, Mayfair. His lordship had been in a very delicate state of health for some time, and a few days since became much worse. The deceased, George John Danvers, Butler-Danvers, fifth earl, was born in 1794; married, first, 1815, the third daughter of the late Colonel S. Francis W. Fremantle, who died in 1850; secondly, in 1851, the youngest daughter of Charles Bishop, Esq., of Sunbury, and relict of Sir Richard Hunter, Bart.; succeeded his cousin in 1847; elected an Irish representative peer in 1849. His lordship is succeeded in the title by his nephew, John Vansittart Danvers Butler, son of the late Hon. Charles Augustus Butler, born in 1839.

The late Marquis of Lansdowne, it is said, was playing whist at White's when he was seized with paralysis, and the marquis, who was at once sent for, was at a ball at Devonshire House. There was to have been a party at Lansdowne House on the very night of the day on which the marquis died.

The Marquis of Westminster, at whose expense a magnificent new church has recently been erected and consecrated at Fonthill, in Wiltshire, has just given £2,000 towards the erection of a new church in the parish of St. James, in the town of Shaftesbury, Dorset. The proposed edifice is estimated to cost between £3,000 and £4,000, and will when built afford seat accommodation for upwards of 400 persons.

The constituents and friends of Sir Hugh Cairns intend to entertain him at a banquet on a large scale in Belfast, to celebrate his appointment as Attorney-General.

## BRUTAL MURDER IN STAFFORDSHIRE.

THOMAS SMITH, son of a gentleman farmer, residing on his own estate, at Whiston Eaves, two miles from Oakmoor, and four miles from Cheadle, Staffordshire, was brutally murdered within a few hundred yards of his father's house, and it now appears that the perpetrator of the crime was William Collier, the occupier of a small neighbouring farm. The deceased had for some time suspected Collier of poaching on his father's property, and between two and three o'clock on Thursday morning week, left home, unarmed, for the purpose of watching a rabbit warren in a small wood a short distance from the farm. He seems to have stood near a quarry, from which he could see the prisoner's house and the wood at the same time. On the same morning James Bamford, a labourer in the employ of Mr. Thomas Smith, the deceased's father, went to keep watch on another part of the farm, but does not seem to have communicated with his master's son before he set out. This man, on his return, passed by the spot where he knew the deceased would be watching, and not observing him there as he expected thought he had returned home, and went to the farm for his breakfast. They first proceeded to the quarry, where they found the deceased's leggings, mackintosh, and a bag upon which it is supposed he had been lying while keeping watch. A further search was made, and in a hollow in the adjoining wood Bamford found the dead body of the young man, lying with his face downwards, and with one of two gunshot wounds in his head, which had also been frightfully beaten with some blunt instrument. The grass and ferns near the spot were covered with blood also, showing conclusive evidence of a fearful struggle. Police-superintendent Woolaston, of Leek, was promptly on the spot, making inquiries, in consequence of which the man Collier was arrested at his own house by Police-sergeant Perkins. A ramrod and lock of a gun, with several bits of wadding, were found close to where the body was discovered, while the deceased's hat was found about 130 yards further up the wood. A search was made for the gun, and Thomas Morecroft, a servant of Mr. Smith's, found the double barrels of a gun, marked with blood, pushed up a drain in a corn field, occupied by the prisoner, and near to his own house. Subsequently the other lock and several pieces of the stock of the gun were found near the scene of the murder. The barrels and the locks exactly corresponded with each other, and were identified by a gunsmith of Hollington as being portions of a gun which he had sold to the prisoner about a month before Christmas. The clothes of the prisoner, including his coat, trousers, and shirt, had blood upon them in numerous places; that on the trousers being on the lining of the knees, the outside of which had been washed. The deceased was a fine young man, about twenty-four years of age, and was very much respected in the neighbourhood. The prisoner is a married man, with a wife and seven young children, his age being about thirty-five years. He was a well-known poacher though he had never been convicted of the offence.



## THE PRACTICAL GARDENER.

## GARDENING OPERATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

**FLOWER GARDEN.**—Sow biennials and perennials to flower next season, also mignonette, Virginian stocks, convolvulus major, &c.; to flower in the autumn. Continue to put in pipings of pinks; water dahlias with liquid manure; bud roses, and remove decayed blossoms and insects. Give American plants and other evergreen shrubs plenty of water at their roots.

**KITCHEN GARDEN.**—Continue to plant broccoli, Brussels sprouts, cabbage, kale, and other winter greens. Sow a little cabbage to supply some late useful young beds. Go over the earliest planted celery, and strip the plants of their lower leaves and side shoots. Mulch cucumbers on ridges with short grass. Plant out a full crop of leeks. Sow a good breadth of spinach to save the winter greens. Water and mulch the roots of tomatoes. Sow a few more lettuce and dwarf kidney beans; also the small green curled endive, and transplant the strongest from the earliest sowings.

**FRUIT GARDEN.**—Carry on the budding of fruit and other trees as briskly as possible during showery or dull weather. Thin the suckers of raspberries to within five or six of the best canes, and tie them up as a protection from high winds. Continue to increase strawberries by runners.

## AN INTERVIEW WITH MARSHAL BENEDEK.

[From the Times Correspondent in the Austrian Camp.]

THE commandant of the police, who was smoking his cigar at the portico, received us, and conducted us up stairs—massive stone, through vaulted passages, to the ante-chambers, filled with officers and orderlies, and through the folding doors there was a glimpse of a huge hall, like a great German *salle a manger*, with a long table filled at each side with some sixty or seventy officers, sitting down to begin dinner. Field-Marshal Count von Benedek was seated about half-way down on the left, and talking loudly and with much animation. On seeing me he rose and began a short address to the gentleman acting as correspondent of a Vienna paper, an ex-officer of Engineers, warning him against sending intelligence by letter or telegraph which could prove injurious. The correspondent stood as the general spoke, and in the conclusion of his warning Marshal Benedek, bowing to me, said, in German, I was welcome, and asked me if I understood what he said. I replied in the affirmative, and then he remarked that he relied on my promise to do no harm to the army at which I was received. The dinner was plain soldiers' fare—soup of rice and vegetables, *bouillie*, roast meat, goose, and cheese, with dechanters of white and red Hungarian wine and water. Then came cheese, coffee, and a liqueur. During dinner, Marshal Von Benedek spoke repeatedly in clear ringing tones to officers as they came in from time to time; he read despatches and received reports—all during the meal. The talk all round the table was loud, and free, and genial. Officers of all ranks mingled together—generals, captains, colonels, lieutenants. There was young Prince Esterhazy, who had just ridden ninety-five miles that day, and was still ready for duty. There, in a handsome Hussar uniform, was Baron Ambrosy, who had left his seat in the Hungarian parliament to fight the Prussians. There, in another gay cavalry uniform, was young Hunyady; and there were Lichtensteins, Festetics, and many another representative of historic names and families, in tunics, white and brown, and light blue and grey; some old and covered with orders, others young and burning for distinction. Cigars were handed round, and lighted and smoked, and after an hour at table the company retired and the Feldzeugmeister took his leave of us and went to his private apartments. In bearing and features he resembles Sir John Pakenfether, but his features are rather sharp, his actions and tones are prompt and energetic, his figure is lean and wiry, the profile sharp cut, the eyes dark and exceedingly bright and penetrating—his whole bearing that of a soldier.

**SHUTTING A CAT IN A HOT OVEN.**—At Manchester Police-court a woman named Catherine Potter was brought up on a charge of cruelly treating a cat. The complainant was Jane Rodgers, who lived in the same court with defendant in Deansgate. On the evening of Sunday, the 1st inst., the complainant's cat stole some beef from the defendant's kitchen, and Mrs. Potter was heard to utter threats of injury to the animal. Later the same evening the cat visited the defendant's house a second time, and some minutes afterwards it was seen by the complainant coming away "rolling" about on its paws. The complainant took the cat to a neighbouring druggist, who examined it, and found its feet severely burned. Suspicion at once attached to defendant, complainant having heard a noise of the oven door being closed immediately after the cat had entered the kitchen. The police were then communicated with, and the defendant was summoned on the charge. The complainant, in reply to Mr. Ward, who appeared for the defence, said the cat was a favourite one, and that she had fed it with a spoon. Mr. Ward: What is its age? Witness: I don't know. Mr. Ward: But you have fed it with a spoon. Witness: Yes, but you don't take as much notice of a cat as you would of a baby. (Laughter.) The witness further said that she "thought as much of that cat as she did of her own daughter." Inspector Dobie, of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, said that, having received information of the cruelty that had been practised towards the cat, he went to the defendant's house in Whitworth-crescent. He there saw Mrs. Potter, and she told him that whilst she was removing a teapot from the oven the cat must have jumped in, and so got burned. Police-constable 43 was called for the defence. He said that he had examined the oven in question shortly after the occurrence of the alleged cruelty, and the oven plate was not very hot and not very cold. Mr. Fowler: Would you like to have sat down on it? Witness: I should not. (Laughter.) Mr. Ward: Could you have put your hand on the plate without its being blistered? Witness: No, if I kept it on long enough. Mr. Fowler: Why could you not keep your hand on long enough? Witness: Because it was too warm. (Laughter.) Additional evidence was given for the defence; after which Mr. Fowler said that the bench were quite satisfied that the defendant had intentionally put the cat in the oven, and fined her 40s. and costs, or, in default fourteen days' imprisonment.

In consequence of the Reduction in Duty, Horniman's Teas are now supplied by the Agents Eightpence per lb. Cheaper. Every Genuine Packet is signed "Horniman and Co." [Advertisement.]

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS AT TROST'S WAREHOUSE, 263, WHITECHAPEL-ROAD.—Superior Harmoniums from 4l. 4s. 6d. and upwards. New model pianofortes from sixteen guineas; also all other instruments and fittings, at the lowest possible prices. Price list, post free. [Advertisement.]

BEYOND ALL COMPETITION!!—T. B. WILLIS, Maker and Importer of Musical Instruments. Established 1833. The trade and amateurs supplied with Harmonium Reeds, Musical Strings, and all kinds of fittings. Lists free. 29, Moiries, London. [Advertisement.]

## VOYAGE OF THE GREAT EASTERN TO IRELAND.

The following letter is descriptive of the passage from the Thames to Berehaven of the Great Eastern, with the Atlantic telegraph cable on board:—

"After rounding the cliffs of Dover and turning fairly down Channel to the west, the weather grew much worse. The glass fell rapidly, and as fast as it fell the sea rose. Just towards dusk a rather startling incident occurred. One of the seamen had to go aloft to loose a block attached to the mainstay over the engine-room. The man, as it afterwards turned out, was ill—that is to say, sea-sick—and one of his hands was sore, and from both these causes he lost his nerve when half-way up the rope, and, seeming as if about to faint, hung down almost helpless, holding on by both hands to that part of the rope which was directly over the paddle-engines. Advice, entreaties, directions, and exhortations were volunteered with their usual liberality from all the seamen on deck, but the man's fate would have been sealed had not Mr. Halpin, the chief officer, fortunately come forward. He saw at a glance that not a moment was to be lost, and, springing to the stay, went up it hand over hand as actively as a monkey, and, seizing the sailor on the rope, managed to get hold of him in such a way as enabled him to bring him down over the stay in safety. It was an anxious moment while Mr. Halpin with his almost helpless burden was passing over the open gap which led down to the engines, and it was not till he had brought his charge actually to the deck that the suspense was over. Only those who saw this act of self-devotion can appreciate the courage and skill which Mr. Halpin displayed, for never did a man more certainly risk his own life to avert what appeared an almost certainty of death to a fellow-creature. During the night of Sunday the wind and sea increased, till at last at about eleven it burst into a regular storm. The rain poured in torrents, the wind kept up a perfect scream through the rigging, and then, and not till then, was any motion discernible upon the vessel. Yet even this was so slight that it was only by watching the chandeliers in the saloon that it could be detected at all, and but for the slight but infallible test of these pendulums many would have disbelieved in the motion of the ship altogether. The night, though very dark and wild, was clear. The coast was kept close in view, light after light was sighted upon the various headlands, and the position of the vessel known with as much ease and certainty as a man might read his position in London by the names of streets during the day. Monday at noon found the great ship off Portsmouth. The day was tolerably clear, but squally, with showers of rain, the sea still high, and the wind getting every moment higher. The Great Eastern stood so close to the Isle of Wight that, in passing the beautiful shores of Ventnor, every house could be distinguished, and even people seen. But from this point out a wider berth was given to the mainland, and she ran in the regular track of coasters, scores of which were met, whose curiosity to see the great ship closely brought them so near as sometimes to put Captain Anderson to inconvenience, and often even expose themselves to danger. Thus, in one instance, a small bark, under all sail, bore down so full upon the ship that her course had to be suddenly altered, and the helm put hard over to avoid running her down. Off the Race of Portland, and just before dusk, we fell in with the Baltic, from Southampton, which overtook the Great Eastern only after a very long race, and this, be it said, was the first vessel that had passed her at all. Every other steamer we had come up with, either paddle or screw, had been passed easily; not that the great ship had a higher rate of speed than seven knots, but simply because heavy winds and seas which were making smaller vessels plunge bows under, had no manner of effect either upon the speed or steadiness of her tremendous hull and ponderous weight of cargo. For nearly an hour it was a close race between her and the Baltic. The latter at last drew ahead, and seemed at one time as if about to cross the great ship's track. But the imminence of the danger was so great that the attempt was soon given up, though not until it had been pushed to an extent that for the smaller vessel seemed almost hazardous. The whole of this night and the following Tuesday were equally rough—wind, rain, and high seas seemed as if they would never end. At seven on Tuesday evening she was off the Land's-end, where a heavy sea was rolling in from the Atlantic before the full force of a strong south-westerly gale. The lighthouse could just be discerned through the misty haze, like a huge white tombstone on the rocks, round which the waves kept leaping up only to fall back slowly in clouds of spray and long white cataracts of foam. A more desolate picture could not well be imagined than this solitary building in the midst of the boiling surf with a misty back-ground of cloud like a fog bank, which the clouds almost rested on, while the great black rain squalls from the sea came up before the wind as regularly and almost as quickly as the waves themselves. In the centre of this gloom and cheerlessness the sun shone out a single ray from behind a cloud, and shed a bright, though very transient, gleam of light upon the rocky shores of Cornwall. It was only for a moment, but it seemed like a parting cheer from old England, and the whole scene was soon enveloped again in mist and spray and driving lumps of half-made clouds of rain.

"Once past the Land's-end the Great Eastern's long maintained steadiness forsook her. She did not roll because she could not to a head sea, but her heavy pitches were quick and deep as she faced the long ranks of waves that came in tier on tier from the ocean. This night of Tuesday was a very wild one, and the Great Eastern laboured rather heavily to the seas. Sometimes she rose with a long, slow, easy swinging motion, but only to drop more heavily into the furrow of waves beyond the ridge she had forced her way through. Often, however, she was not so fortunate, and the masses of water struck her with a boom like thunder, and made her quiver from stem to stern, and seem as if she stopped half stunned, for a moment gathering her strength to face the seas again.

"At about half-past one a.m. on Wednesday a tremendous sea struck her forward on the port side, which rushed fairly in board and threw a considerable depth of water on her deck. The wind at this time was very strong, and the sea, even for that most turbulent of all Channels—the Irish—was very rough indeed; so bad, in fact, was the appearance of the weather at two o'clock that Captain Anderson was called, and from that time till after four he never left the deck. Just after dawn on Wednesday, or rather soon after four in the morning, a monstrous wave struck her on the port bow which rushed in over almost the whole space of bulwarks between the bows and paddle-boxes. This flooded the decks forward, and was by far the worst wave she encountered during the trip. As it may happen even to the most practised hunter to make his leap awkwardly, so it was in this case with the great ship. She met her wave suddenly and unawares, and as it struck her full there was nothing for it but to come in over her, which it effectually did. Wednesday

brought no cessation of the wind; in fact, it was stronger than ever. The sky was tolerably clear, and the sun shone the greater part of the day; yet still the wind kept violently high, and the sea was rolling stronger and heavier than ever. At no time was there much broken water, though there was still enough occasionally as the waves struck the ship's side to cover the forward part of her decks with spray. The rolling of the vessel during all this time was absolutely as low as only three degrees each way, which, in plain terms, means that the movement was so slight that even the moderator lamps on all the saloon tables were left, as usual, quite unsecured. The pitching of the ship, however, was by no means so moderate. In fact, the great ship plunged till it seemed as if she would take the green seas in over her bows. Many times the forward pulley sheaves which are to be used in hauling in the last year's cable were dipped completely under water. So quick and so continued was this pitching motion that an examination of the cable tanks and their supports was thought advisable. A very careful inspection was accordingly made by Mr. Clifford, but the result showed that their fastenings were absolutely perfect. Even beneath the largest tank amidships, the struts of which have to sustain a weight of more than 2,500 tons, not a sound could be heard beyond a trifling creaking noise, which was as nothing compared with that in the saloons in the upper portions of the ship. Not a single adjustment, improvement, or alteration of any kind was found necessary. The tanks, however, being filled with water, and the pitching of the ship occasionally spilling it over their edges, it was thought better to reduce the quantity. The valves beneath the tanks were therefore opened, and a mass of water was allowed to flow away into the sea. Beyond these bare facts there is little to tell of incidents connected with this fifth Atlantic telegraph expedition."

## THE WAR ON THE CONTINENT.

OFFICIAL reports received at Berlin from the Prussian headquarters give the following details of the great battle of the 3rd inst:—

"It was at first intended to have given the troops a short rest, to recover from the fatigues of such long and uninterrupted marches and combats. But, upon the evening of the 2nd, news being received from several quarters that the enemy had brought up large masses in the course of the day between Josephstadt and Koniggratz, upon this side of the Elbe, it was determined to give him battle. The final arrangements were not completed until past midnight. At two o'clock in the morning Prince Frederick Charles left his headquarters and advanced with the first army direct upon Koniggratz. The first shot was fired by the 2nd army corps in presence of the King between seven and eight o'clock. The first army, under Prince Frederick Charles, composed the centre. General von Herwarth commanded the right wing, and the second army, under the Crown Prince, was to form the left wing. The seventh division of the First Army advanced through Czorkwitz and Sadowa to place itself in communication with the army of the Crown Prince; the eighth (Horn) division, advancing by way of Milowitz, was to attack the enemy's centre directly in front; the 2nd Army Corps advanced upon Bohalitz to the south of Sadowa; the 3rd Corps remained in reserve. General von Herwarth advanced from Smidar upon Nechanitz. For full five hours the army of Prince Frederick Charles attacked the enemy at Sadowa, where he occupied a very strong and partly entrenched position, which he defended with the utmost obstinacy. The key of the position was a wood situated in the front, the edges protected by abatis formed of the stems of cut-down trees, and the whole commanded by the enemy's artillery. Marks had been made upon the abatis to give the Austrian gunners the exact range. Towards two p.m. a determined attack was made upon the enemy's flanks to the left upon the Elbe by the Crown Prince, by General von Herwarth upon the right, and at the same time a vigorous onslaught took place upon the centre. The fortified position was carried with a rush, and the day was won."

The movements of his Majesty during the day are thus described:—

"The King left Gitschin at five p.m., and reached the field about half-past seven. His Majesty rode to a hill upon the north of Sadowa, whence the greater part of the battle-field could be overlooked, and directed the operations of the day from this position. The 2nd, 3rd, and 4th Army Corps, under Prince Frederick Charles, formed the centre of the Prussian position, began and carried on the battle, which was especially characterised by the lavish employment of artillery upon both sides, and its sanguinary effects. Commenced at eight, the battle continued with varying fortune till past noon, diversified by the capture of wooded heights by infantry, charges of cavalry, and the thunder of guns on either sides, until a slight pause seemed to intervene, as if the combatants were resting to recover breath. By this time, however, the second army, under the Crown Prince, had come up from the direction of Konigshof, and at once took the enemy upon one flank, while General von Herwarth threw himself upon the other, and an advance of the whole line was made upon the enemy's centre. The advance of the entire Prussian force, with bands playing, was a magnificent sight, the various battalions and regiments, viewed from the heights, moving forward like the squares upon a chess board. His Majesty had by this time left his first position, and advanced to the village of Probus, where he came repeatedly under very heavy grenade fire and was for the first time plainly seen by the troops in line. This was the case with the Second Guards division, whose regiment broke out into enthusiastic cheers and shouts at the sight of the King. The enemy now falling back, his Majesty ordered up several brigades of cavalry, who engaged in vigorous pursuit, and aided materially in converting the enemy's retreat into a rapid rout, abandoning all further resistance. The battle was very sanguinary, and the heaps of dead and wounded covering the field show what large numbers were engaged and the desperation with which they fought. The King took up his quarters for the night at Horitz."

The following is a letter from Berlin, dated July 4:—"By 101 rounds the cannon in front of the palace are announcing victory to the capital. Berlin is in a transport of delight. Crowds are assembling everywhere, cheering and hurrahing most enthusiastically. The Queen has stepped out on the balcony to read the King's despatch to the people. The battle—so runs the joyous news—which will terminate the first part of the campaign was fought yesterday, and fought successfully. The Prussian armies, having joined each other only two days ago, stood against the united forces of the enemy,—250,000 against 250,000. Eight hours raged the deadly combat. At length, the Austrians, after holding out manfully throughout, broke down suddenly, a furious resistance resulting in the most unmistakable flight. The number of prisoners is estimated at nearly 20,000; the guns taken do not fall far short of fifty. The King arrived on the battle-field when





THE CONTINENTAL WAR.—PASSAGE OF THE HEADS OF COLUMNS OF THE PRUSSIAN ARMY.

the conflict had proceeded a few hours. There and then he met his son, the Crown Prince, who had the command of one-half of the troops. The chief command was vested in General Moltke. On the dead body of the Austrian General Frangor, who fell at Skalitz on the 26th, was found a proclamation intended to have been divulged had the Austrians been victorious in the battle. The proclamation is signed by General Benedek, and with his usual prodigality of ornamental epithets, such as 'My iron hand,' 'Your noble will,' and the like, informs the inhabitants of this kingdom that having entered their territory he will allow them to continue their various trades, provided they do not interfere with his operations. Persons unimpaired of this warning will be shot. Private property is to be respected, and protection awarded to inoffensive citizens. How strange it sounds! How impossible it seems, after the events of the past week, that General Benedek should have ever thought of giving law to the Prussians.

A Berlin letter, of July 5th, says:—  
"The cession of Venice to the Emperor Napoleon is the result of the Prussian victories in Bohemia. Austria is true to herself. Six years ago she determined to yield up Lombardy rather than allow Prussia to come to her aid at the head of the minor States and secure, practically at least, the military command over Germany. To-day she parts with the rest of her Italian possessions to prevent this Government from acquiring by force of arms what on the former occasion must have peaceably fallen to its lot by the mere force of circumstances. Deeming Prussia a much more dangerous enemy than Italy, Vienna, if it has no other option than to yield either to one or the other, unhesitatingly bows to Florence, even though the victories that may have com-

pelled submission are gained by Berlin. By this resolute sacrifice of one of his finest provinces, he not only adds to his Northern army 150,000 men, so long employed in Italy, but, which is far more important, so suddenly improves his relations with France that Prussia will find it difficult to injure German interests or damage his German allies, unless indeed she can obtain the sanction and approval of the arbiter of Continental destinies, seated in Paris. General Benedek was so utterly routed in the last battle as to summon instantly to his aid the corps stationed at Cracow, thereby opening Hungary to the Prussians by way of Upper Silesia. That the number of guns and prisoners taken near Koniggratz is respectively 110 and 22,000, was only yesterday ascertained accurately, some time being consumed in the counting. The prisoners are very well treated, the officers being allowed to retain their swords, and the men moving about with but little restraint in the towns where they have been quartered. It is hardly too much to say they are petted by their good-natured captors. People gaze at them with friendly curiosity, and pay for the privilege in beer, cigars, and the like. As to the officers, they dine at the mess with their Prussian equals in rank. General Benedek, who for a whole week lost a battle a day, and was finally so utterly discomfited that his Sovereign has had to cede one of his finest provinces as the spoil of victory, up to the last moment made the world resound with the news of his victories. No little merit has been excited here by these wonderful achievements in bulletin writing. The newspaper boys in the streets when wanting the latest sheets will gravely ask you whether you want any with or without Austrian victories; and a caricature, having a large sale among the lower classes, represents

Benedek with a face all mouth and no brain, in the act of informing the Berliners that he will pay them the promised visit directly they cease firing. Some twenty persons have been arrested at Trautegau for shooting at the Prussians when they entered that town. Among the prisoners, who were subsequently sent to Glogau, is a man of English descent, whose name is given in the list as William Kershaw, locksmith. On the whole, the Bohemians behaved in a more civilized way towards the foreign invaders than might have been expected. The Prussians had been so long denounced as robbers and murderers, both from the pulpit and in the press, that they were prepared to encounter the worst. It seems, however, that nineteenth century feelings have found their way even to the remote and illiterate villages of Czechia.

The following official communication was published in the *Vienna Gazette*:—  
"After the whole of the imperial army and the Saxon corps had fought gallantly for more than five hours in a partially intrenched position at Koniggratz—the centre of the army being at Lippe, a village in the circle of Koniggratz—the enemy, without being observed, managed to establish himself at Clumetz. The rain kept the smoke of the guns from rising from the earth so that it was almost impossible to see what was passing. The enemy took advantage of this, and succeeded in turning our position near Clumetz. Suddenly, and quite unexpectedly, we were exposed to a raking fire in flank and rear. The troops nearest to the enemy's guns became unsteady, and all efforts to prevent their falling back failed. At first the retreat was slow, but being hard pressed by the enemy, the army hurried across the military bridges that had been constructed on the Elbe and also in the direction of Pardub-

bitz. At present we are unable to say what our loss is, but it certainly is great."

The Austrian army was seized by a panic and retreated in very great confusion. In plain English, it was regularly routed. The loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners is roughly estimated at 40,000 men.

A letter from Vienna, of the 4th, says:—"The scenes of indignation and sorrow lately seen here were renewed last evening when the news of the great defeat of the Austrian army spread through the city. Grave men might be seen weeping bitterly, and the consternation was profound, although the bulk of the population of Vienna were not yet aware of the fatal extent of the news. To-day all the people wish that Marshal Benedek should have a successor who would be able to inspire the army, intimidated by all its reverses, with a new confidence. Beyond this, the formation of a National Guard is demanded in order that every disposable soldier should be sent to the field of battle. The German party wishes for the convocation of the Reichsrath, at least of the so-called restricted Reichsrath."

The Italians withdrew on Saturday from Borgoforte, having suffered considerable losses by the cannonade of Friday. The works were immediately repaired, and are now in a thoroughly good condition.

Garibaldi has been slightly wounded, but is fast recovering. The illustration above represents the passage of the Crown Prince's army through the passes of the Bohemian mountains. The regiment of Prussian Zouaves leads the army. Another engraving represents the Austrians throwing up fortifications near Vienna.



## INCIDENTS OF THE WAR.

A LETTER from the seat of war, dated July 2nd, gives the following:—

"The first and one of the most serious, and certainly one of the most romantic of last week's series of combats, was probably the struggle for the bridge of Podol, a small town or village between Turnau and Munchengratz, on the right bank of the Iser. I have received a few details from an eye-witness. At half-past eight on the morning of the 26th, the vanguard of the Austrian corps d'armee, moving northwards, found itself suddenly in face of the enemy, and before an hour was violently attacked by large masses of troops estimated at from 12,000 to 15,000 men. The small Austrian force, altogether outnumbered, withdrew, step by step, continually facing to the rightabout, and taking every advantage of ground to fire on the closing enemy. They passed through Podol to the bridge, an old timber structure which here spans the Iser, and at that place they found a rough *tête de pont* erected, and three companies of the Martini infantry, left under command of Major Schwitz, with orders to defend the passage of the river at all hazards. The Prussians advanced in beautiful formation, and getting their guns rapidly to every effective point, they opened a deadly fire on the devoted band of defenders. But these undaunted men had here taken their last stand, and the death dealt amongst them might diminish their numbers, as it did fearfully, but could not abate one iota the courage of the survivors. The major's horse was shot under him, but he remained on foot everywhere in the front amongst the men, and seemed for some hours to have a charmed life. All arrangements had been previously made to blow up or burn the bridge in case of ultimate and overpowering necessity, and a subaltern who acted as adjutant in the little force, seeing the enormous masses of men on the opposite side, asked the major for orders to fire the structure. That gallant officer paused for a moment. He saw how he was outnumbered; he perceived, too, how by destroying the only mode of passage he could save himself and his little command, and the shattered vanguard which had got behind him. But duty is the first of military virtues, and it is one as deeply implanted in the minds of Austrian officers as of our own unflinching British heroes. 'No,' said the gallant fellow, 'here is my written order; it is to hold the bridge, not to burn it; some more of us must die here before we take this responsibility upon ourselves; as long as I live, we shall not move.' This is the stuff of which heroes are

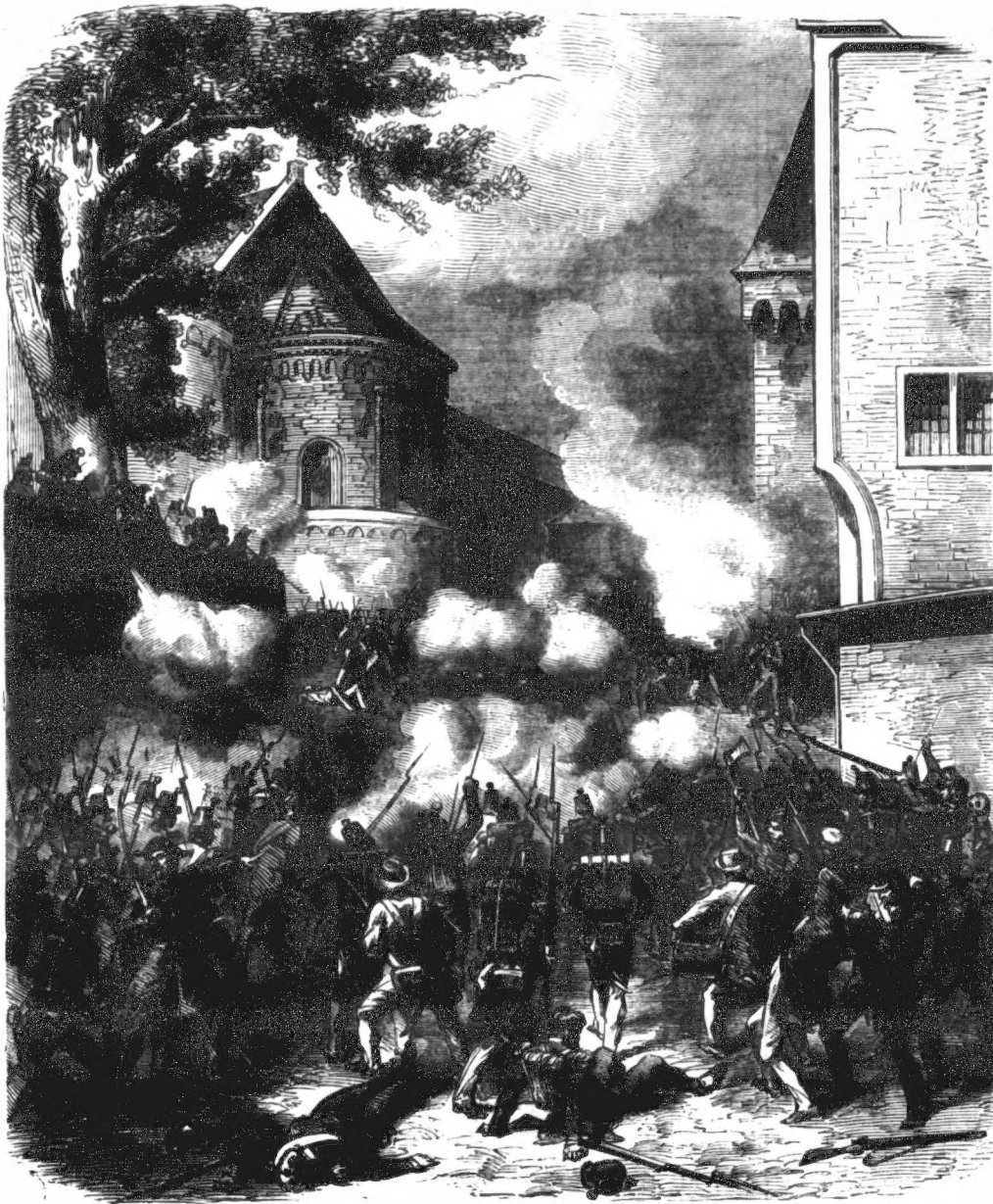
made. But in our English service this man would not be adjudged the Victoria Cross, for his courage would be deemed passive, not active, and this newspaper notice of him, in addition, would destroy his prospects for ever. Our favours are reserved for the men who, obeying the most common impulse of humanity, run out gallantly and bring in a wounded comrade on their back. If Major Schwitz, however, survives his noble self-devotion, we

me, at best the losses are frightful, and probably unprecedented in any single engagement in America or elsewhere during the present century. The loss of artillery must be very serious, for the wheels of the carriages became fixed in the muddy ruts torn up in the roads by the incessant rain. What will fill military men with surprise is that the Austrians themselves now admit the Prussian cavalry to have been superior to their own, as has been proved in

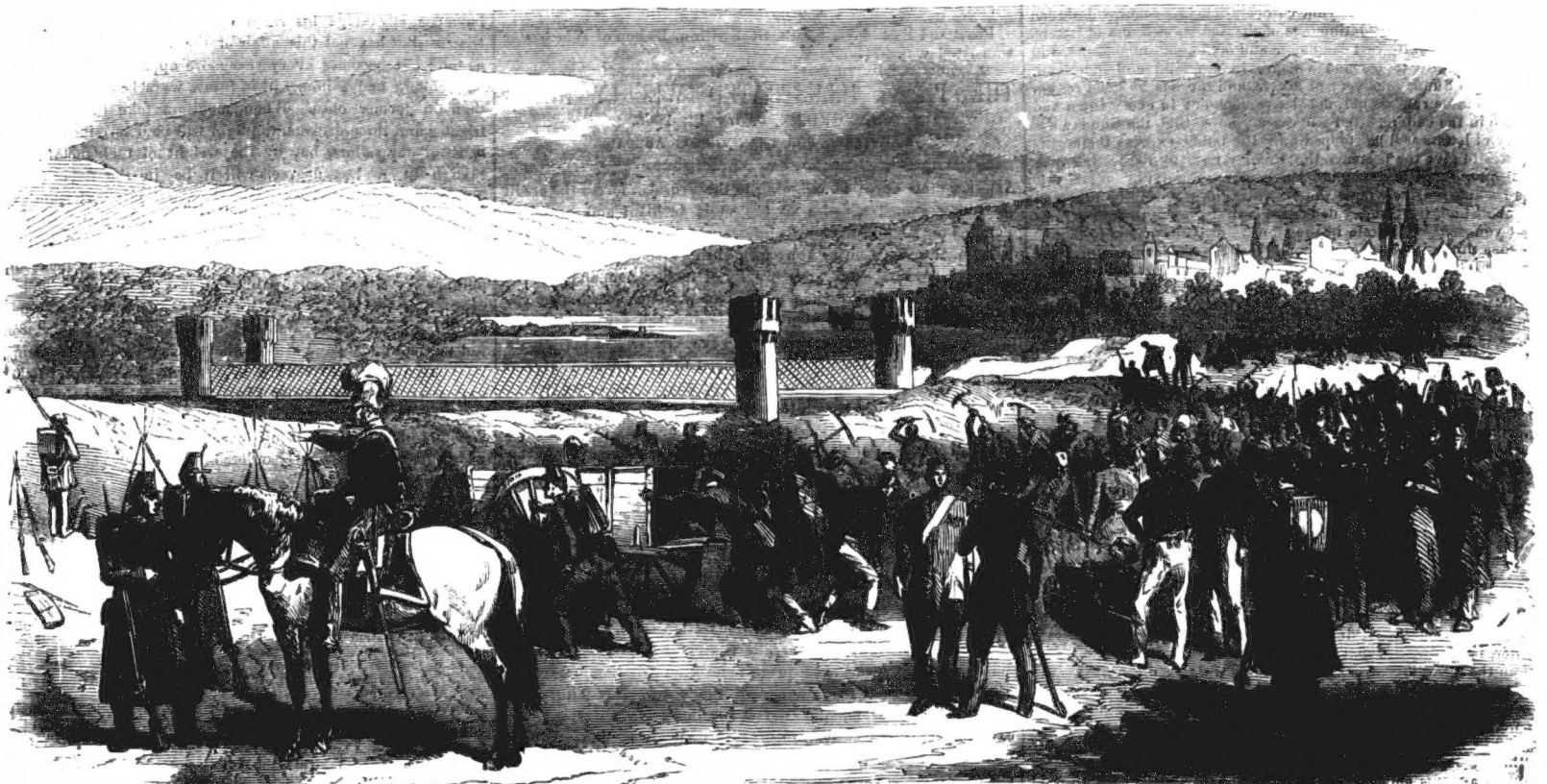
shall see the riband of Maria Theresa decorating his breast; To resume my story: Just as the subaltern had heard the answer, he received a bullet in his breast; and, later still, I am sorry to hear, the gallant major himself received a gunshot wound in the side. The Prussians again and again came on bravely, but each time were beaten back, yet an hour and a half's fighting had frightfully thinned the mass of defenders. But help is at hand, and two fresh brigades are seen hurrying up to join in the maintenance of the bridge. They rush into the combat with levelled bayonets, and the Prussians are forced back by their impetuosity. The latter still hold the village of Podol, but it is stormed, and they are driven out from house to house. Evening has already set in. Building after building, desperately defended, is taken, amid volleys of musketry and yells of triumph from the Austrians. The Gasthaus alone now remains in the hands of 300 Prussians, and they claim quarter and seem ready to surrender. But everything is confused, and night is only lit up with the flashes of the musketry. Thick clouds are in the sky, and moon or star is rarely seen, drifting in a moment again into darkness. All was over, not before two o'clock in the morning; and just then the full moon broke out resplendently, and cast her solemn light down upon a strange and mournful spectacle—ruined buildings, burned cottages, faces upturned, pale in death, and still expressing the determined passion of the last moment; gutters flowing with human blood; wounded wretches, trying to ease their pain by convulsive contortions, and some lying, white and quiet, with sad, sickly eyes, gazing up at the new-come moon."

In speaking of the results of the last general engagement, the writer proceeds:—

"Even well-informed people now speak of nearly 60,000 men in killed, wounded, and prisoners. If they had added 'missing' the day after the engagement, I fear they would not have been far from a truthful figure; but otherwise there must be a monstrous exaggeration. However, from what I myself saw on that terrible afternoon on the banks of the river and elsewhere, and from all accounts which have come in to



ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN AUSTRIANS AND PRUSSIANS IN THE VILLAGE OF PODOL.



THE CONTINENTAL WAR.—THROWING UP FORTIFICATIONS, NEAR VIENNA. (See page 68.)







## Theatricals, Music, etc.

**HER MAJESTY'S.**—Rossini's magnificent opera of "Semiramide" was produced on Saturday evening. Mlle. Titiens sustained the part of the Babylonian queen, when she surpassed by many degrees all her previous efforts, and occasionally was as irreproachable as she was grand and magnificent. The great air "Bel raggio" could hardly have been given with greater ease and fluency, certainly not with greater splendour of voice; and the two duets with Arsace were magnificently sung, as were also the duets "Serbami ognor" and "Giorno d'orrore," by Mlle. Titiens and Madame Trebelli. Of course Mlle. Titiens acted the part of Semiramide superlatively, and, indeed, in this regard her performance could hardly be surpassed. Signor Gassier sang the difficult music of Assur exceedingly well. Signor Foli gave the music of the high priest Oroo with great steadiness and with a voice finely adapted to the music; and Signor Stagno was thoroughly efficient in the part of Ireno. The band and chorus were inimitable throughout. The overture was encoored from all parts of the theatre, but Signor Arditi was not in a yielding mood, although in compliment to Rossini, if not to the audience, he might have acceded to so vehement and general a desire. On Tuesday evening Verdi's "Ernani" was revived, with Mlle. Titiens as Elvira. Wednesday was an extra night, when "Roberto il Diavolo" was repeated, Herr Hokitansky making his first appearance as Bortram. On Thursday, "Semiramide" was given for the second time.

**COVENT GARDEN.**—The season of the Royal Italian Opera here is drawing to a close. "Faust and Margherita," "Norma," and "Un Ballo in Maschera," have been the operas of the week.

**PRINCESS'S.**—As stated in our last, the new drama of "The Huguenot Captain," by Mr. Watts Phillips, must be pronounced a very decided success. The story of the drama is laid at a time shortly after the massacre of St. Bartholomew. The piece is so constructed as to become the framework of vivid pictorial illustrations of old Paris. The Duke Hector de Savigny (Mr. J. G. Shore), only son of the widowed Duchess d'Armenonville (Mrs. Stirling) enters the tavern of the White Cross, in Paris, accompanied by a party of wild Court gallants. The duke orders the abduction of a poor dancing girl, the Bohemian, Jannita (Miss Augusta Thomson), who happens to be present at the time. A Sergeant Annibal Locust (Mr. George Honey), in the Duke's employ, attempts to lay hands on the girl, who appeals to the gentlemen round for protection, but her supplications are received with laughter. She succeeds, however, in finding a champion in a man who has appeared to be asleep on a bench. This man is Captain Rene de Pardillan, Count de Vrissac, the Huguenot Captain (Mr. G. Vining) who has arrived incognito in Paris, in search of a young lady whose life he had saved but a few weeks before, but of whose name and address he is ignorant. Provoked by the insolence of the young Duke, Captain Rene engages in a quarrel on behalf of the poor girl, and has the misfortune to kill his adversary, but succeeds in making his escape through the window of the tavern as the King's guard force the door, and discover the body of the Duke d'Armenonville. Pursued by the soldiers, the Huguenot Captain climbs the balcony of a house, and, in his desperation, enters the room. The only occupant of this room is a lady. He tells her his life is in her hands, and after convincing her of the justness of his quarrel, is sheltered behind the heavy hangings of the room, she having previously pledged her solemn word not to betray him to his pursuers. The soldiers enter, having tracked the fugitive thus far, and inform the mother that her son, the Duke d'Armenonville, has just been killed in a tavern brawl. The unhappy Duchess still remembers her oath, and dismissing the soldiers, is once more alone with the man who has killed her son. She tells him to come forth from his hiding place; but, in so doing, to cover his face so that she may not recognise him again, but swears that if he is not out of Paris ere morning he shall pay the penalty of his crime. Covering his face, Rene de Pardillan is about to leave the room when he meets the young girl who is the object of his visit to Paris. Gabrielle de Savigny (Miss Neilson), niece to the Duchess, recognises her lover, and so unwittingly betrays him. In the next act we find that the Captain's fears for his own safety are so subservient to the stronger feeling of his love for Gabrielle that he cannot tear himself away from Paris; and, disguised as a monk, he seeks an interview with the object of his affections. His disguise, however, is discovered by Sergeant Locust, a price of five hundred crowns having been offered by the King for his arrest. He is taken prisoner, and lodged in the old Chatelet Prison. Jannita, however, will not desert her preserver, and, aided by her brother Ismael, enables the Captain to escape from the stronghold; and he lowers himself into the river at the close of act second. In act third we find Gabrielle overwhelmed with despair at the situation of her lover. The Duchess pursues him with an implacable feeling of vengeance. But Captain Rene is not to be daunted. With the aid of his friends, the Bohemians, he once more enters the Chateau d'Armenonville, and tells Gabrielle of his escape, but refuses to depart unless she will accompany him. She refuses to do so; but, driven to frenzy, at last consents. At the moment of their flight, however, the Duchess confronts them, and once more the life of the Huguenot Captain is in her hands. The Duchess, torn by conflicting emotions, is at first deaf to the agonized supplications of Gabrielle, but at last, throwing a sword at the Captain's feet, she tells him to at least "die like a soldier." At this moment, Hector d'Armenonville appears. Ambrose Pare, the famous physician, had discovered that life still flickered in the almost inanimate clay; but, fearing to raise hopes in the heart of the Duchess, he had kept his experiments secret until he could restore her son to her arms. No obstacle now existing between the happiness of Gabrielle and himself, the Captain is at last rewarded with the forgiveness of the Duchess and the hand of her niece, and the curtain falls on the happy termination of the Huguenot's perilous adventures.

**THE ALEXANDRA.**—Pending the production of an original burlesque at this theatre, the farces of "Boots at the Swan," "The Two Gregories," "Worrybury's Whims," and the comic drama of "Captain Charlotte" have been played. The chief parts in "Boots at the Swan" have been well sustained by Miss Eliza Hamilton, Miss Heathcote, Mr. J. G. Taylor, and Mr. Morand, and the piece has afforded very considerable gratification. Mr. Giovanelli has sustained the role of Jacob Earwig, and has shown a due appreciation of its humour. The grounds adjoining the theatre are now in capital condition, and when illuminated present an exceedingly pretty appearance, the effect being greatly heightened by the brilliantly lighted crystal platform, in which crowds of dancers assemble when the weather permits, and at other times in the large ball-room. Mr. B. Isaacson's well-organized band discoursing most excellent music.

**MISS AMY SEDGWICK.**—This accomplished and talented actress has taken the Haymarket Theatre for five weeks, commencing the

6th of August, during the period Mr. Buckstone and his company fulfil an engagement at the Theatre Royal, Manchester. Our favourite actress will appear in her original and triumphant character in "The Unequal Match," supported by Mrs. Buckingham White (also in her original character), Miss Farren (of the Olympic), Mr. G. Nelson (so noted for his success at Brighton and the Princess's), and many well-known artists from the provinces.

Mr. BUCKSTONE has announced his benefit and the last night of the season at the Haymarket for Wednesday, August 1st.

THERE is no truth in the report that Mr. Boucicault has become the lessee of a London theatre. He will appear at the Lyceum in September next, in a new and original drama, in which Mrs. Boucicault will also perform.

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES KEAN have returned to town from Brighton, where they have been for several days. We are glad to find that Mr. Kean's health is considerably improved.

THE ALHAMBRA.—Leotard has been performing at the morning entertainment at this establishment. A magnificent spectacle has also been produced. It is a mythological ballet, called "The Titanic Cascades and Sports of Diana," and as an elaborately constructed scene has never been surpassed. The artist is Mr. Calcott, and it is a built-up tableau on the most extensive scale. For the first time real water is employed at the Alhambra. The entire stage represents a ravine, down which, in successive falls, the water finds its way till hidden in a mass of broken rocks. The first cascade is of great height, and the effect of the light glistening on the water is remarkably pretty. The *divertissement* commences with a dance, and much expressive pantomimic action from Miss Carry Collier, a new comers here, and an *artiste* of far more than ordinary proficiency.

## THE DRAMATIC COLLEGE ANNUAL FETE AND FAIR.

THERE are three excellent reasons why this now firmly-established festive anniversary at each annual recurrence increases in attraction, in pecuniary success, and in the numbers and enjoyment of its participants. In the first place, its object is most admirable: in the second, it serves as a famous holiday; and in the third, the amusements become more varied, the fun more hilarious, and the crowding and pleasant bustling more exciting every year. On Saturday the opening of the Fair took place under the "happiest auspices"—namely, those of the efficient and dignified herald, Mr. Robert Romer. The day was beautiful, being clear and bright, without being too warm, and the palace and grounds seemed as if dressed in their best for this particular and important occasion. The crowd streamed onwards through winding paths bordered with the brightest and gayest of flowers, or across lawns of velvety green, towards the grand entrance of the palace, whither they were invited by the noisiest and the most discordant of musical invitations.

Prominent amongst the attractions of the fete was the exact counterfeit presentation of Richardson's travelling theatre, which Mr. Nelson Lee annually sets up at the corner of the transept. There was a picture by an eminent hand in a shop window in the Strand of Richardson's booth in its glory, with Edmund Kean dressed as harlequin in front and striking right and left with his sword of lath. Any one who has seen that picture will at once recognise the fidelity with which Mr. Lee has preserved all the Richardson touches and costumes and "properties." And with good reason, for if we are not mistaken he was himself the immediate successor of Richardson, and for a long time sustained the dying glories of the moveable theatres. There was the old clown—none of your modern "Shaksperian jesters," but a real fully plastered, properly coloured, decidedly white and red clown, who tumbles conscientiously, properly persecutes pantaloons, and invites the gaping crowd to "Be in time," with the old-fashioned but never-failing inducements. Richardson was always strong in his hand and his ballet, and these Mr. Lee has not forgotten. His musicians made more noise than all the other bands in the fair put together, and his ballet on the platform, which is given for nothing, never ceased from morn "till dewy eve." The drama, too, "of thrilling interest," was Richardson all over. There were two, which were performed alternately on Saturday—namely, "The Mysterious Monk," and "The White Witness," one of which we "did" conscientiously from beginning to end, although we should not like to be too positive as to which. It was intensely interesting, and the excitement never flagged for a moment. The action was rapid, the "situations" were striking, the dialogue at once terse, vigorous, and colloquial.

Next to, perhaps rivaling, the theatre was Professor Toole's Chinese exhibition, which attracted crowds of visitors and excited shouts of laughter. It is quite sufficient to say that the subject of the professor's lecture was China, and his main illustration the Giant Chang, personated by Paul Bedford. To indicate the style of the entertainment, Mr. Bedford was most carefully costumed, and made up as a mandarin of much dignity. The correctness of his Pekin accent in speaking the language of his whilom native land, was much admired by the audience. The lecture of the professor was most admirably delivered, and his liberality in the way of presents—of plate and other articles of vertu—was highly appreciated by the fairer portion of his audience. When the crowd poured out of the Tooleian Pagoda they almost as quickly poured into "The Hall of Momus," where all the talent of all the music halls in London might be enjoyed in a concentrated form. The anxiety of the public to see the ladies of the drama by daylight approaches to a frenzy, and exercises a most beneficial influence on prices at the fancy fair. Mrs. Stirling, with a keen eye to business, had opened shop in a "most eligible position," and must have been completely cleared off before the evening. Her stall was always surrounded by a crowd, and her eloquence never failed in securing purchasers, and in reconciling them to the scarcity of change. At the opposite corner Miss Lydia Thompson opened with great spirit in the morning, and for some time did a famous trade, but towards the afternoon "the principal" having disappeared, and her place having been filled by "another less fair," the crowd were awfully disappointed, and the interests of the charity suffered accordingly. The public should not be taught to believe that attractive names may appear in the bills, but their possessors be absent from the fair, as there can be no doubt but that the wish to see our popular actresses by daylight is, after all, the great attraction of this annual festival. The younger ladies should follow the laudable examples set by Mrs. Stirling and Mrs. Mellon, neither of whom left her post for a moment, but worked for the charity as if it was a matter of special pecuniary benefit to herself.

Towards four o'clock in the afternoon the crowd became tremendous, the fun fast and furious, and the trade the very madness of competition. It was a carnival without the masks—a saturnalia without the sin. The people moved about in solid masses, the throng being too dense to permit of individual circulation; the

gongs roared, the brass brayed, and the "touters" at the different booths shouted their loudest.

In the official programme we find that Mrs. Stirling was matched "against time" to perform a thousand smiles in a thousand seconds, and a sporting gentleman averred, on the authority of Benson's "chronograph," that the lady was winning with any number of smiles to spare. The daring doings of the ladies keeping stalls, &c., however, are so well set forth in a "case" reported in the "Annual," published on the spot, as to spare us further description. It is headed:—

**"POLICE.—ARREST OF A DANGEROUS GANG.**—Miss Lydia Thompson, Miss Lydia Maitland, Miss E. Buxton, Mrs. Stirling, and many others, all well known to the public generally, were brought before the sitting magistrate at Beau-street, charged with obtaining money under false pretences; they were also accused of violence, and of using strong language.

"The prosecutor, Mr. Lavender Kydd, of Kensington-gardens, stated that on the previous Saturday he had visited the Crystal Palace accompanied by a friend. Incautiously he had taken a large sum of money with him, of which fact Miss Lydia Thompson had become aware. The result of his imprudence was very soon apparent, for happening to pass near that desperate young person, he was seized by her and immediately struck—all of a heap, if he might so express himself. While in this condition he was shown a needle-case, and before he had time to make his escape, 5s. were extracted from him for the article. He has since been informed by his sister, to whom he had presented his purchase, that it was not worth more than 2s. 6d.

"The complainant went on to state that having at length made his escape from Miss Thompson, he was hastening to the door, when Mrs. Stirling stopped him, showing her teeth in so dangerous a manner that he was compelled to give a guinea for a baby's cap, although he could assure his worship that he had not the slightest use for it. He was next assailed by Miss Buxton, who shot such a glance at him as to render him insensible to anything that happened afterwards. Upon recovering consciousness the following morning he found himself very unwell and his money all gone. The pain about the region of the heart was still very acute.

"Sergeant Farren, of the O—(lympic)—division, said that when he took the accused into custody they were surrounded by gentlemen using shocking language. She distinctly heard 'pet' and darling proceed from the lips of one of the gang, although she could not say which of the prisoners had spoken the words.

"The prisoners, in defence, said that they did it to assist a number of brothers and sisters who were living in the country. Miss Thompson, who seemed ignorant of the danger of her position, saucily remarked that it was all fair in fair time!

"The worthy magistrate said that the plea which the prisoners had set up induced him to discharge them this time, but he warned them he should not lose sight of them in future.

"The dangerous gang left the court with their friends, being heard to say that they would do it again next year."

## Sporting.

## BETTING AT TATTERSALL'S.

Although there was a strong muster at the rooms on Monday business was anything but brisk, the number of offers appended to our quotations sufficiently indicating the languid tone of the market. For the Goodwood stakes the first favourite was the only horse backed for anything like money; 3 to 1 was accepted freely, and finally an offer to take three "ponies" failed to elicit a response. Midia colt, who up till now had been second favourite, exhibited unhealthy symptoms, the odds of 10 to 1 being started from several quarters. La Fortune, Lucifer, Black Prince, and Potomac, all occupied about the same position, 100 to 8 being obtainable about each. Nu and Surney still remained out of favour, but although subjected to a persistent hostility, they did not appear to be altogether "gone." Bradamante was backed at 20 to 1, and seemed to have some friends who were quietly supporting her. Othello, who appears to be dying a hard death, was offered to be laid against; but the odds of 100 to 3 were considered either too good or not good enough to be taken. For the Goodwood Cup, all doubts as to Gladiateur starting now appear to be cleared away, as may be gathered from the significant fact of even money being laid freely on him, coupled with the fact of 8 to 1, "bar one." For the St. Leger, Savernake was backed at 5 to 1, which was the only bet we saw laid on this event. The transactions on the Derby were almost nominal, but there were numerous inquiries after Marksman, who would have been supported at anything over the odds quoted below:—

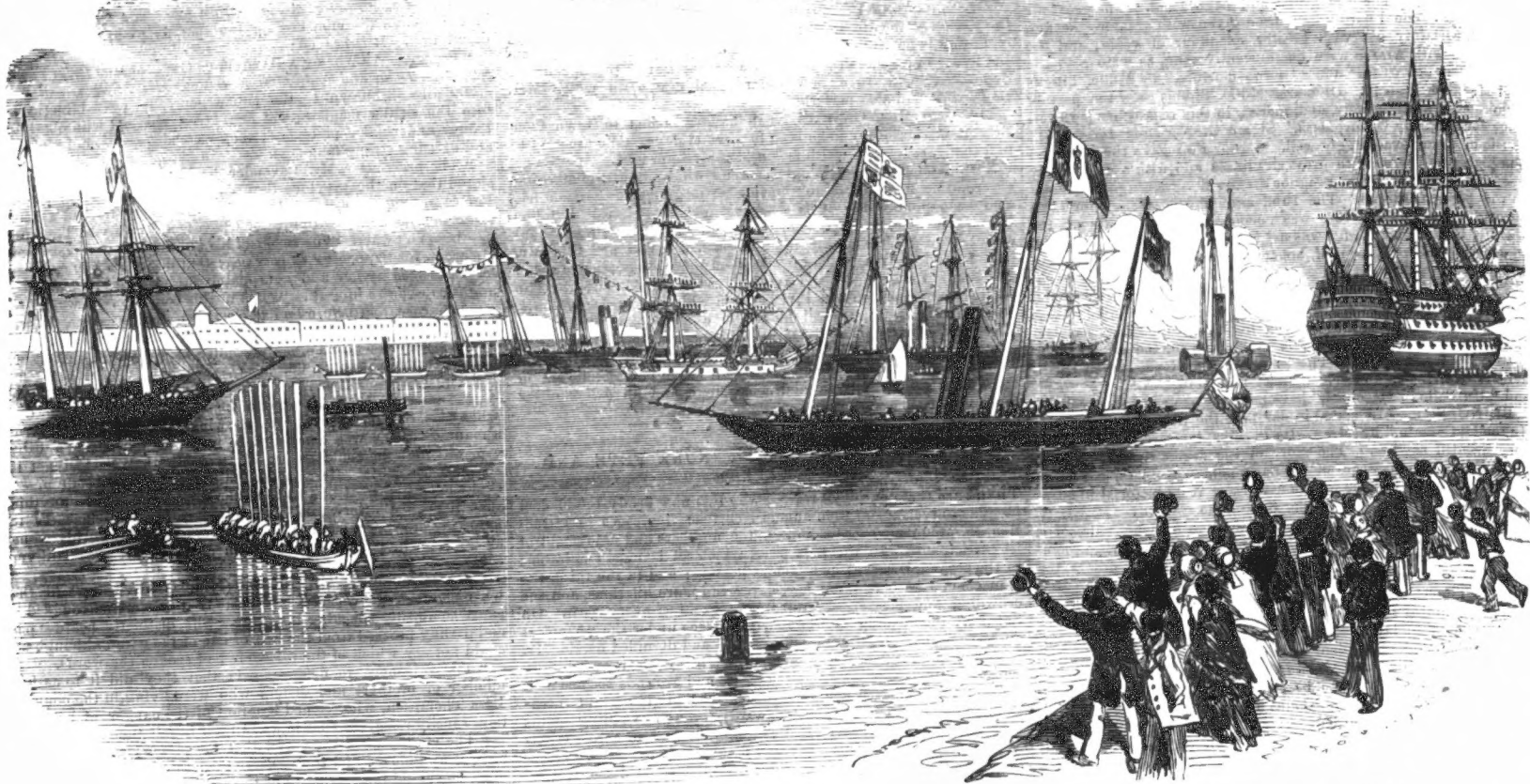
**GOODWOOD STAKES.**—3 to 1 agst Mr. Day's The Special (t f); 10 to 1 agst Lord Portsmouth's Midia colt (off); 100 to 8 agst Count Lagrange's La Fortune (t); 100 to 8 agst Lord St. Vincent's Lucifer (t and off); 100 to 8 agst Sir R. W. Bulkeley's Potomac (off, t 100 to 7); 100 to 6 agst Lord Poulett's Nu (off); 20 to 1 Mr. G. Payne's Bradamante (t); 20 to 1 agst Mr. J. Nightingall's Surney (off); 100 to 4 agst Baron Rothschild's Camball (off); 100 to 3 agst Mr. F. Pryor's Othello; 100 to 1 agst J. Dawson's Miss Harriette (off).

**GOODWOOD STAKES.**—Even on Count de Lagrange's Gladiateur (t); 8 to 1 agst any other.

**ST. LEGER.**—5 to 1 agst Lord Ailesbury's Savernake (t). **THE DERBY.**—1,500 to 60 agst Mr. Merry's Marksman (off); 1,000 to 40 agst Mr. F. Pryor's The Rake (t); 1,000 to 40 agst Distin (off); 1,000 to 30 agst Lord Burgley's Grand Cross (t); 1,000 to 15 agst Mr. Batson's Verona colt (t).

**THE MISSING LONDON BANKER.**—Mr. W. K. Harvey, whose "unaccountable absence," coupled with the refusal of his London agents to honour his advices, led to the suspension of the Long-ton Old Bank on Tuesday week, has caused a letter to be forwarded to his family, in which it is stated that he is now on his way to America. Mr. Harvey was an active magistrate for the county of Stafford, a staff officer in the first battalion of Staffordshire Rifle Volunteers, and Provincial Grand Master of the Freemasons of the county. In the latter capacity he took a very prominent part in the laying of the foundation-stone of the North Staffordshire New Infirmary a few days since—a much more prominent part, indeed, than the Prince of Wales, who for the greater portion of an hour was a patient spectator while the masonic ceremonies were being performed. Mr. Harvey occupied an excellent position in the county, and was universally believed to be a man of large means and undoubted probity. Locally, his bank enjoyed unbounded credit. The primary cause of its failure is still a mystery, and the books now turn out to have been so badly kept that some days must still elapse before even an approximate balance-sheet can be prepared. The cause of Mr. Harvey's flight can only at present be conjectured.





THE PRINCESS HELENA AND PRINCE CHRISTIAN PASSING FROM SOUTHAMPTON TO THE ISLE OF WIGHT. (See page 74.)

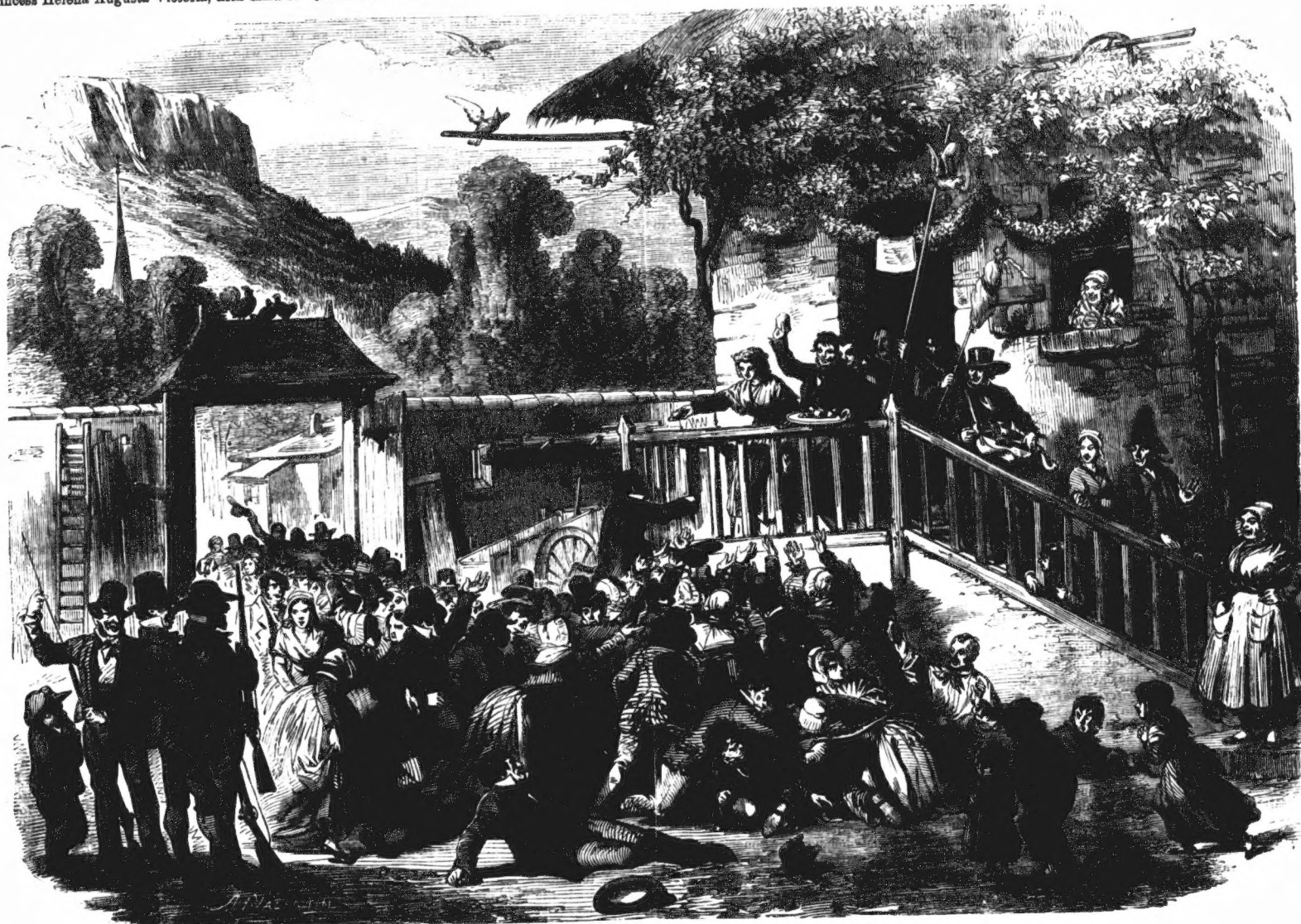
#### THE PRINCESS HELENA AND PRINCE CHRISTIAN.

In addition to our other illustrations relative to the royal marriage, we give, on page 75, full-length portraits of the illustrious pair. The following biographical sketches of them will, doubtless, prove of interest.

Princess Helena Augusta Victoria, fifth child of Queen Victoria

and of the lamented Prince Consort, was born on the 25th of May, 1846, and is therefore in her twenty-first year. It has been mentioned in parliament by one of her Majesty's ministers, and it may therefore, without impropriety, be recorded here, that the widowed Queen has experienced, in the tender and dutiful attentions of this daughter, one of the greatest sources of consolation during her late bereavement.

Prince Frederick Charles Augustus is a younger son of the late Duke Christian Charles Frederick Augustus of Schleswig-Holstein (who ceded his duchy to Denmark) and brother to Prince Frederick Christian Augustus, the eldest son, whose claims to the sovereignty of that duchy, as against the King of Denmark, were made the pretext for the late war on the part of the German Powers. Prince Christian, as the younger son is usually called, was born on



A MARRIAGE CEREMONY AT EMBRUN, GERMANY. (See page 74.)





HER ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCESS HELENA, AND PRINCE CHRISTIAN.



the 22nd of January, 1831, his mother being Louisa Sophia, Countess of Danieskiold-Samsøe, a Danish lady, married, in 1820, to the late Duke of Schleswig-Holstein. The full name of the paternal family is Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Augustenburg, and its lineage is collateral with that of the reigning families of Denmark and Russia. Prince Christian has held a commission in the Prussian army.

The *Gazette* gives the following:—"The Queen has been pleased to declare and ordain that his Serene Highness Prince Frederick Christian Augustus of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Augustenburg shall henceforth, upon all occasions whatsoever, be styled and called 'His Royal Highness' before his name, and such titles as now do, and hereafter may, belong to him; and to command that the said royal concession and declaration be registered in her Majesty's College of Arms. The Queen has also been pleased to appoint his Royal Highness Prince Frederick Christian Augustus of Schleswig-Holstein to be major-general in the army."

#### THE MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCESS HELENA.

The marriage of Prince Christian and Princess Helena took place at Windsor the other day.

The Queen wore a dress of black moire antique, embroidered with a long crape Seisse veil, falling from under a crown of diamonds, with necklace and diamond ornaments. The Princess Helena wore a wedding-dress of rich white satin, covered with Honiton point lace, and trimmed with bouquets of orange blossom and myrtle, under a white satin train, lined with white lace, and trimmed round with Honiton lace, mixed with bouquets and cords of orange blossom and myrtle. Wedding wreath of orange blossom and myrtle under a splendid veil of Honiton lace. The pattern of the lace was an elegant design in ivy, rose, and myrtle. The Princess Louisa wore a white glaze petticoat, covered with tulle illusion trimmed with Brussels point lace under a body, and pointed tunic of blue satin trimmed with point lace and blue frosted silver ornaments. Coiffure, a wreath of blush roses and silver, tulle veil. The dress of the Princess Beatrice consisted of a blue satin dress trimmed with point lace, and blue and frosted silver ornaments. Coiffure, a wreath of blush roses and silver, tulle veil.

The ladies acting as bridesmaids were dressed in a white glaze dress covered with plaitings and bouillonné of tulle under a long tunic of silver tulle, which was looped up on one side with a chataine of pink roses, forget-me-nots, and white heather; the body and skirts were also trimmed with branches of pink roses, forget-me-nots, and heather; coiffure, a wreath of pink roses, forget-me-nots, and heather, with long tulle veil.

On leaving the chapel, the bride was attended by Lady Susan Leslie-Melville, lady of the bedchamber to her royal highness, and Lady Churchill, lady of the bedchamber to the Queen. The registry of the marriage was attested in the white drawing-room. Luncheon was served to the royal family in the oak-room, and at a buffet in the Waterloo gallery to the visitors.

The prince and princess then departed for Osborne. Their royal highnesses embarked at Southampton on board the royal yacht, which vessel at once proceeded for Osborne. As she steamed out of the dock the 1st Hants Artillery fired a salute from their battery, and the ships of war stationed in the river, and the town batteries saluted the yacht's passage down the river.

A very large concourse of persons assembled in the dock to witness the arrival and embarkation of the prince and princess. The quays and shipping were lined with people, and as the yacht steamed slowly out into the stream immense cheering arose from the assembled multitude, which was acknowledged by the prince and princess, who remained on the deck of the *Alberta* until she entered the Southampton Water.

#### PARLIAMENTARY PROCEEDINGS.

##### MINISTERIAL STATEMENT.

In the House of Lords, on Monday, a numerous and distinguished audience was collected to hear the statement of Lord Derby, who, after expressing his personal desire that the onerous task of forming a new Ministry had been spared him, declared that a sense of public duty, and a regard for the great party with which he had acted for many years, left him no alternative but to attempt to carry out the mission with which the Queen had entrusted him. After pointing out the forbearing conduct of the Conservative party during the lifetime of Lord Palmerston, as proceeding from the sense of the public service which a great constitutional party could render to a wise and prudent minister, he observed that the death of that statesman had greatly changed the state of affairs. A new parliament had been elected, and, contrary to the opinion which had been expressed by Lord Palmerston, a Reform Bill was introduced in the first session—a Bill hastily and crudely prepared upon the faith that the nominal Liberal majority would ensure its success. The discussions which followed had shown that, notwithstanding the large Ministerial majority, there were many of the ordinary supporters of the late Government who were not prepared to adopt the measure in the shape in which it had been presented to parliament. The late Government had, as he thought, unnecessarily, made the adoption of the Bill in its integrity a question of confidence, and, having been defeated upon one point, they had resigned their offices. Her Majesty having requested him to form a Government, he had at first endeavoured to do so upon an enlarged basis by including among the members of the party with which he acted other gentlemen, who, although not members of the party, still might, without sacrifice of principle, be enabled to join it. He had therefore applied to the Duke of Somerset and Lord Clarendon, and to the late Lord Lansdowne, to assist him in the formation, not of a coalition Government, but of a Government upon an enlarged basis, but his invitations had not been accepted. He therefore had been compelled to attempt the formation of a Government from among the members of the Conservative party, not being able to perceive any leader of the Liberal party who would be more able to carry out the Queen's desire; but he had not omitted to invite the assistance of some of those members of the Liberal party who had been instrumental in defeating the late Government. Those gentlemen, however, had decided not to take office with him, although they had promised his Ministry an impartial and independent support. After a brief allusion to the difficulties of distributing a limited number of offices among a large number of expectants, and the difficulty of assigning the desired office to each individual, which he quoted as excuses for the necessary suspension of public business, Lord Derby gave a general statement of the views of his Government. In foreign affairs he held it to be the duty of this country to maintain amicable relations with all foreign countries, to avoid entanglement with foreign disputes, and to abstain from all vexatious and irritating interference or advice. With respect to the unhappy war in Central Europe, the Government would maintain a perfect neutrality, but would be prepared, in conjunc-

tion with other Powers, whenever a favourable opportunity presented itself, to offer its good offices for the restoration of peace. Commending the action of the United States Government in relation to the Fenian inroad into Canada, Lord Derby paid a tribute to the loyalty and devotion displayed by the Canadian volunteers, adding an expression of his desire that a confederation of all our North American colonies might soon be accomplished. Referring to the question of parliamentary reform, he said he had never held himself and his colleagues free and unpugged upon that question. He had assisted in carrying the Reform Act of 1832, and in 1858, although he could not admit any pressing urgency, he had been a party to a measure which was intended to remedy existing anomalies, and to extend the franchise to classes which were qualified to exercise it. He feared, however, that those who were most clamorous for reform were those who now desired to effect still greater changes in our constitutional system, and any moderate measure would, therefore, not satisfy the demands that were made. Upon that point, he repeated, he must reserve a freedom of action, but there were several subjects to which the attention of the Government would be immediately devoted, including a reform of the bankruptcy laws, and an amendment of the administration of the poor laws. With regard to Ireland, an honest, impartial policy would be adopted, and, as soon as circumstances should safely allow of such a course, all exceptional laws in that island should cease. Lord Derby expressed his hope that he, or, failing himself, some other minister, might lead the country on the path of safe and steady progress, preserving the just balance of our institutions, which had for centuries been the glory and the source of our happiness and prosperity. Lord Russell, after complimenting Lord Derby on the temperate tone of his statement, proceeded to vindicate the course he had pursued upon the question of parliamentary reform, justifying the introduction of the measure of the present session by the general demand that was made throughout the country for some such extension of the franchise. Having been defeated upon an important point, the late Government felt it to be their duty to resign, and he was glad to find that they were to be succeeded, not by a Government on a "broad basis," which he could not distinguish from a coalition Government, but by one composed of members of the great party who had mainly contributed to the present change of affairs. A Government so formed was entitled to fair consideration, to time for maturing their measures, and they ought not to be called upon before next session to declare any particular course of action.

#### THE NEW MINISTRY.

The following is a complete list of the new Ministry:—

CABINET.	
First Lord of the Treasury	... Lord Derby.
Chancellor of the Exchequer	... Mr. Disraeli.
Home Secretary	... Mr. Walpole.
Secretary for Foreign Affairs	... Lord Stanley.
Secretary for the Colonies	... Lord Carnarvon.
Secretary for War	... General Peel.
Secretary for India	... Lord Cranborne.
First Lord of the Admiralty	... Sir J. Pakington.
Lord Chancellor	... Lord Chelmsford.
President of the Council	... Duke of Buckingham.
Lord Privy Seal	... Lord Malmesbury.
Chancellor of the Duchy	... Earl of Devon.
Chief Commissioner of Works	... Lord J. Manners.
President of Poor Law Board	... Mr. Gathorne Hardy.
President of Board of Trade	... Sir S. Northcote.

Postmaster-General ... Duke of Montrose.

##### JUNIOR LORDS OF THE TREASURY.

Hon. G. Noel

##### JOINT SECRETARIES TO THE TREASURY.

Colonel Taylor

##### UNDER-SECRETARIES.

Home Department	... Lord Belmore.
Foreign Affairs	... Mr. E. Egerton.
Colonies	... Mr. Adderley.
War	... Lord Longford.
India	... Sir J. Fergusson.

##### JUNIOR LORDS OF THE ADMIRALTY.

Mr. Du Cane.	Admiral Dacres.
Sir J. Hay.	Admiral G. H. Seymour.
	Admiral Milner.

Attorney-General	... Sir H. Cairns.
Solicitor-General	... Mr. Bovill.
Vice-President of the Board of Trade	Mr. S. Cave.
Judge-Advocate-General	... Mr. Mowbray.
Secretary to the Poor Law Board	... Mr. R. Earle.
Vice-President of the Council	... Mr. Corry.

##### IRELAND.

Lord-Lieutenant	... Marquis of Abercorn.
Chief Secretary	... Lord Naas.
Lord Chancellor	... Mr. Brewster.
Attorney-General	... Mr. George.
Solicitor-General	...

##### SCOTLAND.

Lord Advocate	... Mr. Patton.
Solicitor-General	... Mr. S. Gordon.

##### THE HOUSEHOLD.

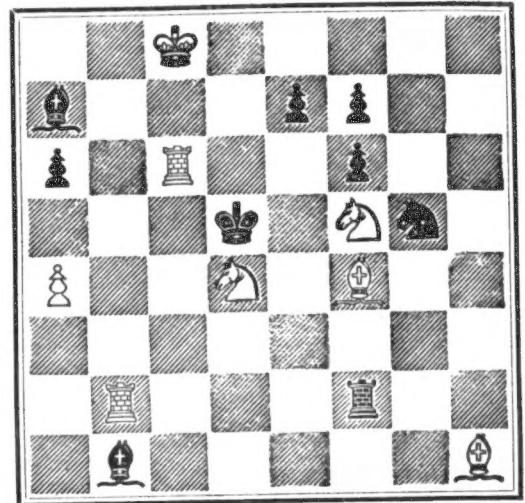
Lord Chamberlain	... Earl of Bradford.
Lord High Steward	... Duke of Marlborough.
Vice-Chamberlain	... Lord Claud Hamilton.
Controller	... Lord Royston.
Treasurer	... Lord Burgley.
Master of the Horse	... Duke of Deaufort.
Master of the Buckhounds	... Lord Colville.

A CHILD'S BRAINS DASHED OUT BY THE FATHER.—At Toul, in France, the other day, a mason named Laurent, while in a temporary insanity produced by habitual intoxication, seized his youngest child, a boy aged five years, by the legs, and swinging him round his head, dashed out the child's brains against a log of timber.

EXCELSIOR PRIZE MEDAL FAMILY SEWING AND EMBROIDERY MACHINES for every home, are the simplest, cheapest, and best; doing every variety of domestic and fancy work in a superior manner. Lists free. Whight and Mann, 143, Holborn Bars, London. Manufactory, Ipswich.—[Advertisement.]

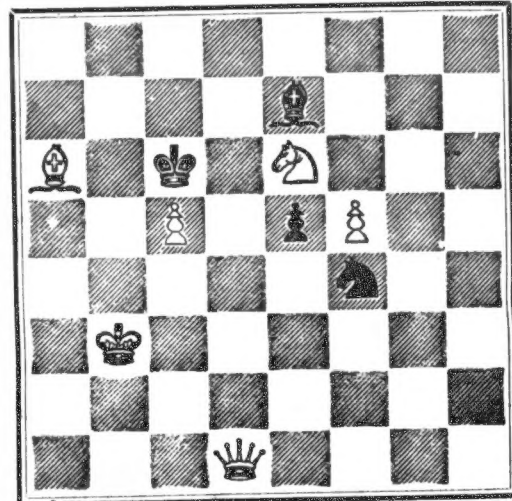
## Chess.

PROBLEM No. 370.—By T. SMITH, Esq. \*  
Black.



White.  
White to move, and mate in four moves.  
[\* One of the competing problems in the "Chess World" Tourney.]

PROBLEM No. 371.—By W. MACKENZIE, Esq.  
[For the juveniles.]  
White.



Black.  
White to move, and mate in three moves.

Game between Messrs. J. White and G. E. Lamming.

White.	Black.
J. White.	G. E. Lamming.
1. P to K 4	1. P to K 4
2. P to K B 4	2. B to Q B 4
3. K Kt to B 3	3. P to Q 3
4. P to Q B 3	4. B to K Kt 5
5. B to Q B 4	5. B takes Kt
6. Q takes B	6. K Kt to B 3 (a)
7. P takes P	7. P takes P
8. P to Q 3	8. Castles
9. Q B to Kt 5	9. Q Kt to B 3 (b)
10. Kt to Q 2	10. Q to Q 3 (c)
11. K R to K B square	11. Q R to K square
12. Castles	12. R to K 2 (d)
13. Q to Kt Kt 3	13. K to R square
14. Q to K R 4 (e)	14. R to Q square
15. R takes Kt (f)	15. Q to Q 2
16. R to K R 6 (g)	16. Resigns

Notes by W. White.

- (a) The opening is according to "book."  
(b) B to K 2, or Q Kt to Q 2, would perhaps have been better, as White intends opening the black King's quarters.  
(c) This seems to lose a Pawn; but it would have been much better for Black to move his K Kt on his next move, than to play Q R to K sq, which makes White fly at higher game than the winning of a Pawn.  
(d) Bad, as it must lose the "exchange."  
(e) This seems to win the "exchange" and a Pawn.  
(f) Now winning a clear piece.  
(g) White now either mates, or wins Q. The attack has been gradually approaching a climax through five successive values from Pawn to Queen, and shows the value of attack to the young player, and also illustrates the fact that, in chess, the utmost value should be exacted that the position is capable of giving.

Solutions of problems up to the present date by R. Wilson, Heath and Cobb, J. Barlin, J. W. B., R. Bennett, W. Claxton, J. Abbott, E. C., W. P. (Dorking), C. J. Fox, Clegg of Oldham, Cato, J. W. S., Oxon, W. Fisher, E. B., T. Pearce, H. J., C. Adin, G. Fairer, W. J. P., E. D., C. Weld (excepting No. 360), D. W. P., Vectis, F. Southey, Pawn, W. S., J. Palmer, and A. Vaughan—correct.

TWO SHILLING PRIZE GOLD PENCIL CASE, 2½ inches long, with a reserve of leads, real stone seals, rings to attach them to chain, and free by return of post for 26 stamps. PARKER, 1, Hanway-street, Oxford-street, W. N.B.—The whole stock of watches and jewellery at a great discount; and taken off every 20s., and 1s. 6d. off every 10s. purchase. Watch, clock, and jewellery price-list one stamp. The proprietor removing to Oxford-street.—[Advertisement.]



## Law and Police.

POLICE COURTS.  
GUILDHALL.

**FURNISHING THE TABLES.**—Mr. John Grant, pawnbroker, of Longwell, was summoned on Saturday before Alderman Salomons, to answer the following complaint. Robert Grant, the complainant (no relation of the above), said he was a draper, and lived at No. 2, Bishop's-road, Bayswater. On the 28th of June he pledged at the defendant's shop three pieces of skirting, two pieces of white silk, and a remnant containing twenty-eight yards of black silk. He got 6*l.* on them, and received the duplicate produced (which contained a list of the above goods). On Monday last he went to redeem them, and paid the 6*l.* and interest; but when he examined the parcel the silk was not in it. The value of the silk was 6*l.* By Mr. Neate: Witness did not open the parcel and abstract the silk from it. He had not been long in business in the Bishop's-road. Before then he was in business in the Kingsland-road, and there was a fire there. He declined to answer what amount he claimed from the insurance company, or whether it was 1,000*l.* or no. He declined to answer the question as to whether he had been charged with obtaining money by false pretences. Mr. Neate: It is a question I am entitled to have answered, and I must have an answer. Alderman Salomons: Do you mean charged at a police court? Mr. Neate: I mean convicted at the Old Bailey. Alderman Salomons: Well, that is a question I think you should answer. Were you convicted at the Old Bailey? Robert Grant: I was, sir, about four years ago. May I explain? Alderman Salomons: Certainly; you are entitled to explain. Robert Grant: I ran away from my father's house, and was living with a person. I had not money enough, and I got goods in my father's name. I was punished for that, and I am now doing very well. I am a house-keeper, and the rent is 200 guineas a year. My landlord's name is Ward, but I do not know where he lives. Mr. Neate said this was a most impudent attempt to defraud Mr. John Grant. The complainant went into defendant's shop with the goods he had specified, and asked 13*l.* on them. Mr. Weedon, the manager, after examining them, refused to lend more than 6*l.* on them, and put them on the counter. He then went about his business to the other end of the shop, leaving the complainant by himself with the parcel for about twenty minutes, at the expiration of which time he offered to take the 6*l.* The parcel was then done up as it was when he gave it to the complainant back, and without again undoing it he made out the duplicate and gave complainant the 6*l.* It was then taken to the warehouse, and in the same condition brought down on the previous Monday. James Ramsey Weedon, assistant to Mr. John Grant, gave evidence in support of this statement, and Henry Winterbourne, second assistant, corroborated the last witness in the most material parts of his evidence. Alderman Salomons said after such evidence he must dismiss the summons; and on the application of Mr. Neate, ordered the complainant to pay 10*s.* costs.

**DESPERATE CASE OF STABBING.**—Cornelius Jones, a farrier, residing at 1, Montague-place, Little-Britain, was charged with assaulting Fergus Macdonald and John Barrett, and wounding them each in the left thigh with a knife, in the Red Cow public-house, Long-lane, Smithfield. Sarah Macdonald said she was the wife of Fergus Macdonald. He was a printer. A little after ten o'clock on Saturday night she was with her husband in the Red Cow public-house, in front of the bar. The prisoner was there also, and took up another young man's beer and began drinking it. He then struck the prisoner in the mouth, and made his mouth bleed. The people who were in the bar took the young man away from the prisoner and put him into another compartment. Her husband told the prisoner to go home, but he would not go. He sat down about twenty minutes, his nose bleeding all the time. He then got up from his seat, went to the other end of the bar, and took a knife out of his pocket, and came with it open towards where her husband was, and thinking he was going home he said, "There's a good fellow; go home." The prisoner replied, "Oh, I don't care for any man while I have this," and immediately plunged the knife into his left thigh. He then tried to escape, her husband called out, "Oh, I am stabbed," and John Barrett caught hold of the prisoner, and when he got outside the door Barrett called out that he was stabbed, and was directly afterwards brought in wounded. The prisoner was then remanded.

**ALLEGED CONSPIRACY TO DEFRAD A BETTING MAN.**—Cornelius Cooper, described on the charge-sheet as a bookbinder's tool cutter, residing at 25, St. James's-walk, Clerkenwell, described as a French polisher, was placed at the bar charged with conspiring together to defraud the complainant of £15 by means of a forged ticket on the 16th of June. James Thomas said he was a sporting commission agent, and carried on business at 8, Bath-street, and Newgate-street under the name of "Webster and Co." He made a bet of £10 to £5 against a horse named Masson for the Hastings Plate, with a man named Bourton, and gave him a ticket with the number 15,010 on it. On the 15th of June the race was run, and Masson won. On the 16th the prisoner Gibbons presented himself to witness in the Old George-yard, Snow-hill, and produced one of his tickets with the number upon it. He paid Gibbons £15, believing him to be the man with whom he made the bet; but on the 18th of June Mr. Bourton presented his ticket, which was a genuine one, and he paid that client the £15. He subsequently discovered that the forged ticket was an old one, and that the number had been altered to correspond with Mr. Bourton's. He never had two tickets numbered the same or for the same bet. Cooper was not present when Gibbons got the money, but he was the constant companion of Gibbons, and had frequently hung about witness when he was making bets. The prisoners denied there why one word of truth in all the prosecutor had stated. On the application of Charles Underwood, the officer, the prisoners were remanded.

## WESTMINSTER.

**A CURIOUS CASE.**—Lucy Wilfer, an "unfortunate," was charged with stealing a plume of feathers, value 7*s.* 6*d.* It appeared from the statement of Thomas Clark, carpenter, 15, Slade-bourne-street, near Cremorne, that he was a colour-sergeant in the 4th Middlesex (Havlock's) Volunteers, and last Saturday week, coming home from the inspection in Hyde-park, he went into a public-house in Chelsea. The prisoner came in, called him a dirty fellow, and abused him. As she was a stranger to him, he left the house, and entered another; she followed, came behind him, and stole his plume of feathers from his uniform hat. He did not see her again till the previous Friday night, when he gave her in charge. Sergeant Large, 24 T, proved that when he took the prisoner she said prosecutor owed her money, and she told him where to find the plume (produced). In reply to the charge, prisoner said that six weeks ago the prosecutor spoke to her: he behaved improperly to her, and then ran away without

giving her half a crown he had promised her. Saturday night she and a friend were in a public-house, the prosecutor also. Both she and her friend asked him for the money he owed them, when he said he would not pay them, and she took the feathers, telling him she would give them up when he paid her. Mr. Arnold cautioned prosecutor, telling him he would be liable to the pains of perjury if he answered falsely, and asked if this statement or any part of it were true. Prosecutor said it was not. He never spoke to prisoner before, but knew her by sight. Prisoner called two witnesses, who thoroughly confirmed her story, and Mr. Arnold remanded her on her own bail, directing the police to make further inquiries.

## MARLBOROUGH STREET.

**OUTCASTS IN THE PARKS.**—Eliza Smith, Hannah Smith, Jane Wright, Sophia Pearce, Mary Horne, Priscilla Rowe, and another young woman who refused to state her name, were charged with wandering about Hyde-park without visible means of subsistence. Mr. Rogers, who attended on behalf of the parish authorities of St. George's, Hanover-square, said, in consequence of representations made to the First Commissioner of Works, notice had been given to the park constables to take all offenders into custody. Further, that the matter having been brought under notice of the authorities of the Horse Guards, Lord Poulett personally visited the barracks, and the result of his inquiries was that orders were given to take all the loose women into custody, and that soldiers found encouraging them were to be brought before court-martial and punished. Park-constable Willin, No. 19, saw all the prisoners about eight o'clock that morning in the park, near the barracks. The prisoners had slept in the park for some time, and were in the habit of using the most abominable language. Mr. Rogers said the only course he could suggest was for the prisoners to be sent to prison, to be seen by the visiting justices, who might be induced to use their influence to get them into suitable institutions. The parish could do nothing with such cases, for the women would only consent to enter the workhouse when ill, discharging themselves on recovery. He understood that the authorities were determined to clear the park of these outcasts. Park-sergeant Cowdry said he believed the prisoners were nearly all the women who habitually slept in the park. Mr. Knox sent them to hard labour for two months.

## WORSHIP STREET.

**"JACK SHEPARD'S" TROUBLE.**—John Blake, alias Jack Shepard, 25, before convicted, was charged before Mr. Ellison with robbery. Abdul Rahman, a Mussulman, who described himself as a manager of Turkish baths, was passing through the City-road at six in the evening, when a woman, for no other apparent reason than dislike to his dark colour, grossly insulted and abused him. He tried to escape from her, but was hemmed in by a large crowd of blackguards, who followed him and incited the woman to attack him. She struck him repeatedly. He begged her to let him go, and hastened to the corner of the East-road, where the woman again struck him so severely that he dealt her a blow with the back of his hand in keeping her off. He had no sooner done so than the mob closed in upon him, and a powerful fellow was about to strike him for touching the woman. He would have done so but for the interposition of a Mr. Strickland, who got between them, and was entreating the mob to let him have a chance of escape, when the prisoner, who had been all along pushing and hustling him, and putting his hands into his pockets, got before him, and lifting the watch out of the prosecutor's pocket, proceeded to break it off from the chain. Before he could quite do so, however, a Mr. Jennings, of the Cuff-road, Dalston, pushed the people aside, grasped the prisoner, and twisted his hand with the watch in it so violently as to give him acute pain and make him drop it. The woman immediately disappeared, and the prisoner begged to be released, but Mr. Strickland asked Jennings to hold him if he could, jumped into a cab, and drove off in search of a constable down Old-street. He could not find one till near the bottom, when he met Smith, 95 G, and took him back with him in time to secure the prisoner, who was still held by Mr. Jennings, surrounded by the crowd. Powell, 67 G, proved a previous conviction for felony against the prisoner. He was convicted in March, 1865, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment. He had also been tried for being concerned with others in stealing a watch and chain worth £36, but acquitted. Committed for trial.

**DISGRACEFUL CRUELTY TO A HORSE.**—William Mole was charged by George Young, a constable of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, with cruelly working a horse. Young said that on Saturday afternoon last he saw the defendant driving a horse drawing a heavy cart, in Well-street, Hackney. It was scarcely possible he could have been so engaged any length of time without some of the society's men stopping him, so sad was the condition of the poor beast. On examination he (Young) perceived it had a bad back, a set-fast, two wounds on the near side, and so horrible a wound on the fetlock of the hind leg that the vermin were crawling in and out of it. Independent of this there was a manifest absence of requisite food; and the defendant, who refused his address, said that he worked for a contractor named Williams, in Well-street. Mr. Ellison, having looked at the wretched thing standing at the door of the court, directed Young to name the matter to Mr. Love, the secretary's chief officer, with a view to prosecuting the actual owner, and telling the diver that he or any person ought to be thoroughly ashamed of trying to drive such an animal twenty yards, fined him 20*s.*, or in default of payment to suffer fourteen days' imprisonment.

## THAMES.

**SAVAGE ASSAULT ON A WIFE.**—Thomas Cockerill, aged 43, and described as a labourer, of 12, George-street, Salmon's-lane, Limehouse, was brought before Mr. Paget, charged with being drunk, disorderly, and assaulting his wife Priscilla. The complainant, an industrious little woman, had come into possession of 200*l.*, a legacy from her mother, who was desirous that a freehold house should be purchased with the money, and that her daughter, son-in-law, and grandchildren should be provided with a home from which they could not be removed. The prisoner determined on spending the money for his own sensual gratifications, and he had obtained a good deal of it, and carried out his selfish views. His wife, however, had managed to persuade him to invest 133*l.* of their money in their joint names. He soon repented of this, and he got drunk and asked his wife to sign a document to enable him to withdraw the money. She refused to do this, and he abused her and committed a savage assault upon her. The magistrate sentenced him to three months' imprisonment and hard labour, and advised the complainant to consult a respectable solicitor as to the disposition of the money.

**A DANGEROUS FELLOW.**—Alfred Woolfe, a tall young man, with his right arm in a sling, was charged with being drunk, dis-

orderly, and making a disturbance at the house of Mrs. Ellen Calman, No. 61, White Horse-street, Stepney. The prisoner's mother formerly lived with him, but in consequence of his bad conduct she left him, and hired an apartment in the house of Mrs. Calman, who was particularly requested to deny that the prisoner's mother was within when her son called. He did visit the house several times, and demanded some property of trifling value. He was there again on Saturday night, and on being refused admission to the house he made a great disturbance and threatened to "rip up" Mrs. Calman with a knife. He forced his way into the house, and did considerable damage. He threatened his mother, and was removed by Police-constable Payne, 401 K. The prisoner attempted to kick the constable on the lower part of his person, and would have succeeded had he not stooped and retreated. He caught the blow on the thigh, just above the knee. The prisoner said he could not have hurt the policeman, because he wore carpet slippers. Mr. Paget was of opinion that the interference of the police-constable was quite justifiable, and sentenced the prisoner to be imprisoned for two months and kept to hard labour.

## SOUTHWARK.

**FASHIONABLE SHOPLIFTERS.**—Ann Roberts, alias Rowe, and Catherine Wallace, well-dressed, middle-aged females, connected with a gang of notorious shoplifters, was placed at the bar, before Mr. Burcham, for final examination, charged with stealing two pieces of silk from the shop of Mr. Hughes, laceman and silk-mercer, Newington-causeway. The prosecutor said that on Friday evening week the prisoners came into his silk department and seated themselves at the counter. After a short time witness was called by one of his assistants, just as the prisoners were leaving the counter, and two pieces of silk being missed from a box on the counter he went up to Roberts, and asked her to pay for the silk she had taken. She indignantly denied having it; but as she was moving from the counter he saw the pieces of silk produced fall from her dress. Wallace then said, "It looks very suspicious, Mrs. Roberts. I shall never come out shopping with you again." Roberts denied stealing the silk, and urged that it must have fallen off the counter by accident. Witness, however, said it fell from under her dress. Jane Alexander, assistant to the prosecutor, said that when the prisoners came to her department there was a box of silk in front of them. They asked for some trifling articles, and while witness was reaching them she lost the silk from the box, and on turning round perceived the ends under the prisoner Roberts's dress. She communicated with Mr. Hughes, and the silk fell from her on the ground. Police-constable 176 M said that since the last examination he had made inquiries about the prisoners, but he could not ascertain whether they had been previously convicted. The property found on them no doubt had been stolen, but he had been unable to find the owner. Sergeant Evans, G division, who happened to be in court on other business, said he knew both prisoners as associated with shoplifters. The prisoner Wallace was living with a woman who had suffered penal servitude for that offence. Roberts here pleaded "Guilty" to the charge, and Wallace denied all knowledge of the robbery. As for what the officer had stated, she did not know the woman had been convicted. Mr. Burcham told the prisoners that he had no doubt as to their real character, and that they were on a marauding expedition among the shopkeepers. That they were both guilty of the robbery for which they were charged, but unfortunately there was not sufficient evidence to convict the prisoner Wallace. She must, therefore, be discharged, and as for Roberts he sentenced her to three months' hard labour.

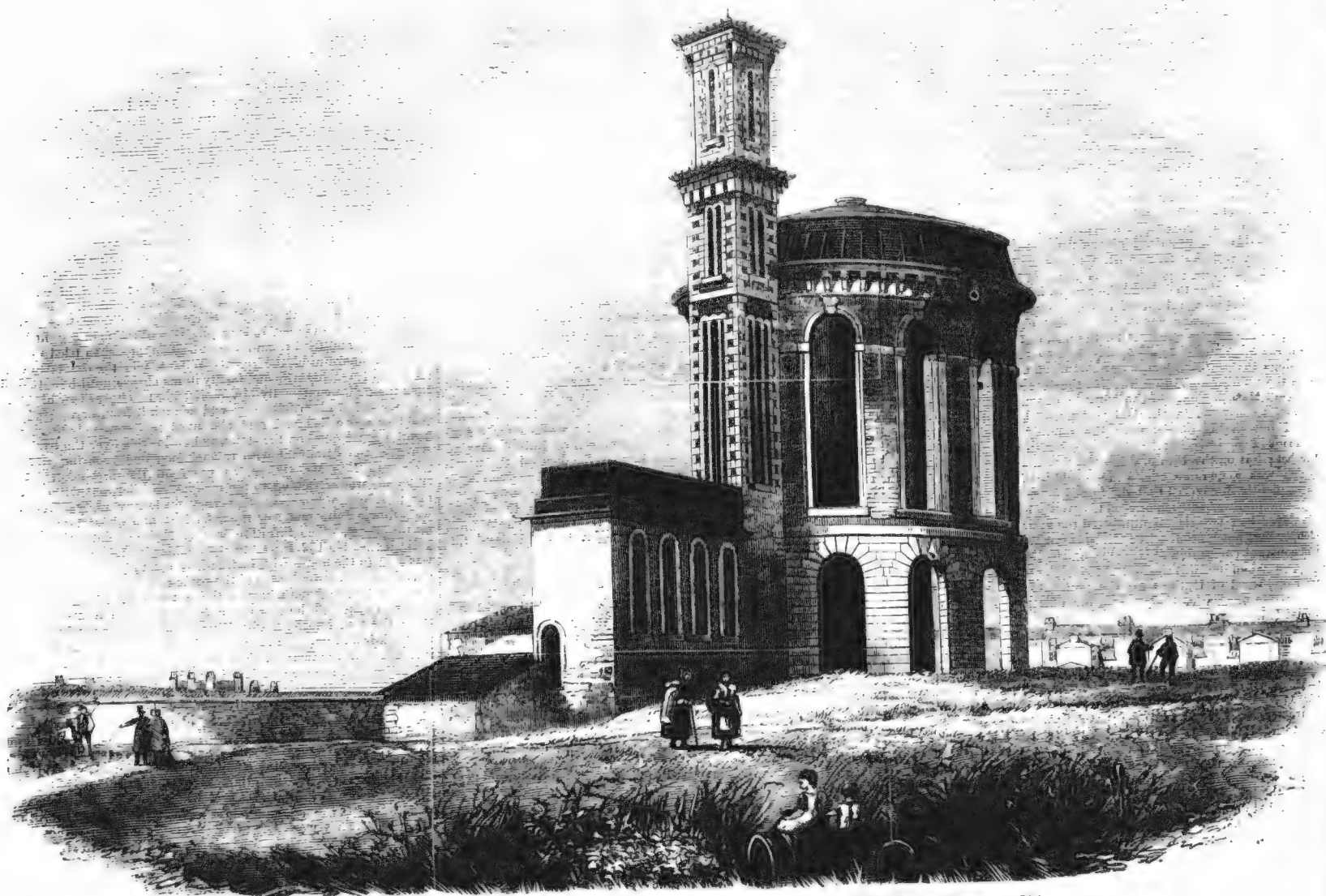
## HAMMERSMITH.

**EXTRAORDINARY ATTEMPT TO EJECT A TENANT.**—Mr. Frederick Green, of 2, Holland-road, Notting-hill, appeared before Mr. Dayman to show cause why he should not be committed to take his trial for forcibly entering and detaining the apartments of his tenant, Mr. Patrick Henry O'Connor, who, on the day before, was held to bail to keep the peace towards his landlord. Mr. Whitcombe defended. The complainant stated that shortly after dinner on Thursday afternoon week he was awoke by the cries of his wife, that some men were forcing their way into their apartments. She and her sister pressed against the door to prevent them from entering. He saw the defendant with his shoulder against the door, and two men in front of him pushing. On the impulse of the moment witness seized a poker, but recollecting that he was bound over to keep the peace he threw it down, and tried to prevent the door from being opened. He saw one of the men run down stairs, and immediately afterwards a constable came up, and he pushed the door with the other persons. Witness then told the constable that he would give the defendant into custody for forcibly attempting to enter his apartment, when he said, "I know all about it." Eventually the door was forced open and the men entered his room. One of the men caught hold of his wrist and tried to pull him out. The same man tried to pull Mrs. O'Connor out of the room. Witness told the constable that he would leave his wife and family in his charge until he returned from the police-court. By Mr. Whitcombe: Witness saw his stick in the hand of his wife's sister, and he took it from her. Madame Ooddeen was called, and said she lived in the same house. She heard a great noise on the stairs, and on looking over the banisters she saw the defendant with several men endeavouring to force their way into Mr. O'Connor's room on the first-floor. Mrs. O'Connor was screaming to the men not to enter, but witness was too terrified to know whether they made any reply. Witness went down stairs, and saw the defendant and about twenty men in the room. The furniture was carried out into the street. Police-constable 102 T was next examined, and he stated that he was sent to the house with instructions not to interfere, but to see that there was not a breach of the peace committed. He was called up stairs by some one whom he thought was Mr. O'Connor. The door was ajar, and he saw the complainant with a stick up to strike the men on the head. Witness put up his hand and took the stick from him. He then called for the poker, and witness took it from one of the females. The complainant tried to keep the men out. Some of the men pushed into the room, and witness was pushed in with them. The complainant did not ask him to take care of his property and family. Witness left the party in the room. He saw the furniture brought out. He remained there from half-past three o'clock till half-past eleven at night. The furniture was restored to the complainant's rooms afterwards. Elizabeth Mary Tubbs, the complainant's sister-in-law, said she saw between twenty and thirty men, consisting of chimney-sweeps, gipsies, &c. She also said that after the furniture was taken out of the rooms, an attempt was made to eject her brother and sister. They were, however, left in the room. She gave Mr. O'Connor the stick, but she did not see him try to strike any one. Mr. Whitcombe then addressed the court on behalf of his client, and submitted that there had not been a forcible entry. Mr. Dayman thought the case proved, and said he had no alternative but to send it for trial. Mr. Whitcombe said he would reserve his defence in that case.





TOWN SKETCHES.—THE YEOMANRY OF THE GUARD AT THE TOWER OF LONDON. (See page 78.)



COUNTRY SKETCHES.—THE RESERVOIR AT EVERTON, NEAR LIVERPOOL. (See page 78.)





THE PEASANT WOMEN OF NORMANDY. (See page 78.)

## Literature.

## AT THE FARM.

I HAD been a fortnight in the country, enjoying quiet to my heart's content. Oh, how I luxuriated in my perfect freedom—wearing cool white wrappers all day long; lying on the grass, with my hair all unbound and my feet ungaitered, in the blissful consciousness that there was not a man (or a fashionable woman) within thirty miles of me! I thought how this quiet summer was doing me good—how I had made friends with the stars again, and the flowers and the birds, as in that other life before I was pent up in a great city; and how I had grown better and purer for the life I was leading. To-night I was disquieted. I had found out that an influx of visitors were coming to the farm-house, which I had chosen for its very remoteness from railroad and market, hoping these drawbacks would prevent any of the fashionable world, of whose companionship I was so heartily sick, from summering here. Lying with my head on the window-sill, I had fallen asleep, and was awakened by voices in the porch outside.

"It will bring you a great deal of care, Aunt Ellen."

"I know, dear; but then it will enable me to keep Will at school six months longer."

It was our hostess, Mrs. Dean, and her blue-eyed, golden-haired niece, Alice Clyde.

"There are four of them."

"Yes; two ladies and two gentlemen—it will crowd us. I don't know, either, what in the world I will do for a girl to wait on table, if that daughter of Logan's disappoints me. Topsy is too dumb, and Anna will not do anything out of the kitchen."

A little longer they talked, and then Alice went over the field to her home.

This was what disquieted me. Here was the end of my quiet—my dreamings in the fragrant darks—my story-building in the white moonlight. This noisy raid of city belles and beaux would destroy the quiet and rest I had been prizing so highly.

Alice came over in the morning to help fit up the house.

"That girl has never come, Alice."

Mrs. Dean's face was drawn anxiously.

"What will you do?"

"I am sure I don't know, and they will be here for tea."

The pretty face was thoughtful for a moment.

"Aunt Ellen, I'll wait on the table. They'll only be here four weeks, and you and Mrs. — can just address me as though I was the servant."

"Oh, Alice! I couldn't think of it, and your mother would never allow it."

"Oh, yes she will, Aunt Ellen. No one will ever know of it but ourselves, and it will be real fun."

"You are too handsome, child; servant-girls don't generally have such soft, white hands, and curls the colour of gold."

"I'll put them all back, Aunt Ellen, and wear a sun-bonnet all the time I am in the dining-room. I'll run over and ask mother."

In a little while Alice returned, dressed in a simple blue gingham, her shining curls all put away in a net. Too handsome, by far, for a waiting-maid, I thought, but this I kept to myself.

They came by the coach at three. The ladies were invisible till tea-time, fussing up, of course. The gentlemen wandered in and out, taking notes of the Dean farm. Determined to be independent, I went down to the parlour in a white wrapper, and my hair in a net. One of the ladies stood by the window, to whom Mrs. Dean presented me, who raised her arched eyebrows superciliously as her eyes wandered over my attire. I felt calm and cool, which I knew she did not, in her heavy silk and costly jewels, which were certainly out of place in a farm-house. Later, her cousin, Miss Inslee, entered. How shall I describe Florence Inslee? I might tell you of the graceful form, of a complexion perfectly colourless, except the full scarlet lips, of the hair and eyes, dark as midnight; but even then you would not realize how

beautiful she was. I do not know where lay her chief charm, but charming she was; calm as some vestal saint, with the sweetest voice I ever heard speak. I could have put my arm round her white neck and kissed her (if "the customs of society" had permitted it), for she, too, wore a white wrapper, and had her splendid hair banded plainly back.

"Why, Florence Inslee! in the parlour at five o'clock in the afternoon! you, who know the customs of society so well. I am surprised."

"I was tired and very warm, and Hugh thought it would be more comfortable; and beside, I have come here to rest."

At that moment "Hugh" entered—Hugh Inslee—the very counterpart of his sister, save that the white brow was a trifle higher and broader, and the fine mouth more heavy. A flourish of boot-heels in the hall, and Horatio Reeves entered. This gentleman was doing the devoted to Miss Thomas, but with ill-success, for that lady had never been known to care for any one but her cousin Hugh, who had nothing but a cousinly feeling for her. By and bye she took umbrage at his coldness, and went to flirting desperately with Mr. Reeves. They sat next each other at tea (where Alice, in her close sun-bonnet, made the spryest of little waiter girls), and after tea sat in the porch in the moonlight, talking nonsense, in my very corner, too. I was indignant. If it had not been for "keeping Will at school six months longer," I could have wished they had never come; but Mrs. Dean had told me all her hopes and plans for "Will," and, for her sake, I could not wish it. This first evening was a sample of all the other evenings. Florence and her brother enjoyed to the full the fragrant country life, but those other two had brought the city with them, and country sights and pleasures had no charm for them. I learned, later, how so very uncongenial a party came to be together. Hugh Inslee and Mr. Reeves had been chums at college, and had met a few weeks before at Scarborough, and when, to gratify his sister, he had come to the Dean farm, Reeves had invited himself to be of the party. Meanwhile, Alice did admirably, wearing her plainest dresses, and the sun-bonnet all the time over her golden hair.

"Mighty white hands our waiter-girl has," Mr. Reeves said, one day, after watching her closely. "Did you notice them, Inslee?"

"I did not."

"I wish she'd take off that poky sun-bonnet, and let a fellow see her face. I'll pull it off some of these days if she don't."

"I'd advise you to let her alone."

"Whew! my Lord Inslee is taking on airs."

"Horatio, I'm disappointed in you; there is little trace left of the frank, generous Harry of our college days."

The words, and the expression of those calm, earnest eyes abashed him, and he left the room without further words. That night, in the twilight, Alice slipped away home. Florence and her brother were in the parlour, and Mr. Reeves had been absent all day. Feeling lonely, I wandered down by the river. There was a little rustic arbour there, and flinging myself on the bench, I was foolishly wishing I had somebody there to love me, and having a splendid cry because I had not, when I was startled by the sight of two figures coming up the bank—it was Alice and Horatio Reeves. She was walking very fast, holding her sun-bonnet clasped tightly under her chin. As they neared me, she started to run.

"Not so fast, my pretty one, for I know you are pretty."

"Oh, sir, please let me pass!"

"Take off your bonnet, and let me see your face, or I'll pull it off."

"I'll scream if you do."

He caught hold of the bonnet, and gave it a pull. Alice screamed, and I was just going to appear on the scene, when Hugh Inslee sprang down the bank; and Reeves, with one vindictive pull at the unlucky bonnet, took to his heels. Alice sank down upon the bank, unconscious that her bonnet was gone, nervous and frightened, and, woman-like, crying. Mr. Inslee looked in astonishment at the coil of rich hair and finely-shaped head.

"Where did Reeves meet you, Bridget?"

"I was coming across the fields, sir, when he met me, and followed me all the way home."

Inslee's brow darkened.

"You were very kind, sir. I thank you for it. I will go to the house now."

Then, for the first time, missing her bonnet, she blushed scarlet, and taking off her white apron, threw it over her head, and stole into the house. Hugh was bewildered. Thrusting his hands in his pockets, he strode up and down.

"You were very kind, sir; I thank you for it. They were not the words of any servant. What can it mean?"

That night I heard him say, "Florence, I have found out two things to-day—that Reeves is a rascal, and that our little dining-room girl has hair the colour of gold, and the most beautiful face I ever saw."

Then he told her what passed down by the river, adding, "Reeves is a rascal, and either he or I must leave this place."

I was not much surprised when the next day Reeves was missing.

After this the days passed on quietly; even Miss Thomas enjoyed them.

I, meanwhile, was reading a page of a human heart; and what I read thereon, was this: That Hugh Inslee was more interested than he would care to show in the mysterious "Bridget." He grew sad, and I saw that Florence was troubled about it.

"Something is the matter with Hugh," she said to me one day. "I am grieved about him."

Alice sat in my room one afternoon, combing out her long hair.

"Alice, your plan of servant-girl has worked well, but you will be glad when we are gone, I expect."

"No, I shall be sorry, and a spasm of pain crossed her face—but I am tired of being 'Bridget.' I am tired of almost everything."

I looked at her in surprise. There was a weariness about her I had never noticed before, and the sweet face was wan and pale. While she yet brushed out her shining hair, Florence and her brother came in. She came directly towards me, intent on a flower which they had found, and differing as to the order of it, they had come to me, while Hugh stood, as though spell-bound, watching Alice twist up her beautiful hair.

That night they sat, as usual, talking at this window.

"Hugh, I am grieved to see you so sad. What is wrong, dear brother?"

"If I were to tell you, Florry, it would only grieve you."

"Never mind, only tell me."

"Could you lay aside the prejudice of a lifetime for the sake of seeing your only brother happy?"

"Only try me, Hugh."

"Florry, I love this young girl who waits on the table—that is my grief."

"Oh, Hugh Inslee!"

"I knew it, Florry; knew you could never stand it; so we'll say no more about it."

Then he told her of the mystery that seemed to be connected with her, and in trying to unravel it how he had become interested ere he knew it. That she was other than she seemed, he knew, but he would try to forget her.

Florence loved her brother dearer than anything on earth, but this was almost too much.

"One of the proud house of Inslee wed with a servant-girl!" She shivered; but, then, poor Hugh, he loved her.

"If I stood alone, Florry, I would not hesitate a moment. The girl is beautiful, and pure as dreams in Eden; and even if she is lowly born, a man raises his wife to his own station. Florry, that girl is other than she seems. Servant-girls don't wear curls the colour of gold, and read 'Lalla Rookh' and 'Les Misérables!'"

There was silence for at least a quarter of an hour, then Florence said, in a tremulous voice, "Hugh, I have been thinking this life is not all, and it's but little difference what folks say; if you love the girl, marry her."



"God bless you, Florry; you are the best sister ever man had."

Two days after, Florence told me, with many tears, about Hugh's love for Mrs. Dean's pretty servant-girl, and that he had asked her to be his wife, and she, though acknowledging she loved him, declined giving him an answer for a few days.

That evening, two forms stood in the moonlight; it was Hugh Insole and Alice. The sun-bonnet was off, and the golden head leaned upon his shoulder, while the calm, truthful eyes were fixed upon the sky.

"And you are not afraid to trust me, Mr. Insole? even though my position seems so be so equivocal?"

"I am not afraid to trust you. I have pierced right through to that throbbing heart, and read all its purity, all its truth; and no matter what sorrow has driven you to thus earning your daily bread, I know that I can trust you."

The next night we were all invited to Mrs. Dean's sister's to tea. Hugh declined going, but Mrs. Dean insisted so much that he consented. I, being in the secret, knew that there, in her own house, he would meet sweet Alice Clyde. I saw that they were surprised to find a handsome stone edifice, with large, cool, airy rooms; and Mrs. Dean's sister a gentle, refined, lady. Soon after we entered the long, pleasant parlour Alice came in. I was proud of her, though no drop of my blood ran in her veins. Her hair was arranged in heavy curls, drawn back from her face, and looped up with a turquoise-studded comb at the back of her elegant little head. She wore a flowing robe of white muslin, with a bunch of fragrant blue violets on her breast. It was a simple toilet, but it was an elegant-looking woman that crossed over to where Hugh Insole sat bewildered.

"Will you forgive me that I have deceived you?"

And she held out her hand.

"You see, you came suddenly, and Aunt Ellen could not get another servant-girl, and just for the fun of the thing I offered to wait on the table *incog.*, never dreaming—but you know the rest, Bridget, sun-bonnet, and all."

And she laughed, and blushed, and looked so bewitching, that Hugh, surprised out of his calm dignity, folded her in his arms before our very eyes.

"And what am I to call my lady-bird, if I may not call her Bridget?"

"Alice Clyde, sir, at your service."

And she dropped him a demure courtesy.

It was useless to describe the joy of all parties. Florence's fair face was a perfect picture.

Alice did not go home with us. We concluded to do without any one to wait on us at meals. Florence was mad with joy. Hugh would be happy, after all, and yet not make a servant-girl his wife. She wondered how she could ever have consented to it, even for a moment. She shivered at the very thought; for, flower-wreath it as we may, it is a very hard thing for one who has been gently born and bred to come down from their high estate, and wed with an inferior, and such marriages are rarely happy ones.

It was beautiful to see Hugh's tender care of Alice during the rest of our stay. How he watched and guarded her, whispering the tale of his love, in love's own sweet language, till her heart was as light as a humming-bird's.

Ere we left the Dean farm, there was a quiet wedding in the little village church, and there sweet Alice Clyde was made a wife. The church had a little chime of bells, and after the wedding-bells were done ringing, they chimed out, "What fairy-like music," and I thought, as I listened, that I had never heard anything half so sweet as the chiming of those bells down among the hills, on the evening of Alice Clyde's wedding day.

#### TOWN SKETCHES.—THE YEOMANRY OF THE GUARD OF THE TOWER OF LONDON.

THE constable of the Tower was formerly styled the constable of London, the constable of the sea, and the constable of the honour of the tower, which post was conferred by William I upon Geoffrey de Mandeville, in reward of his services at the battle of Hastings. The constable, besides his salary, privileges, and perquisites, temp. Edward II, received a custom of 2d. from each person going and returning by the Thames on a pilgrimage to St. James's shrine. In the reign of Richard II the constable received yearly 100*l.*, with fees from his prisoners, according to their rank, "for the suit of his irons;" of every duke committed, 20*l.*; and for irons, earl, twenty marks; baron, 10*l.*; knight, 100*s.* The constable's salary is now 1,000*l.* per annum. The great Duke of Wellington was constable from 1820 to his death, in 1852, and was succeeded by Viscount Connermore. The lieutenant of the Tower is next in rank to the constable; but the duties of both offices are performed by the deputy-constable and the Tower-major. Colonel Gurwood, editor of the Duke of Wellington's despatches, was long deputy-constable. The gentleman gaoler had the custody and locking-up of the State prisoners. The yeoman warders, of whom there are now forty-five, originally kept watch over the prisoners. In the reign of Edward VI, the Duke of Somerset, in return for the attention and respect they paid him whilst in confinement, procured them, after his liberation, "to be sworn extraordinary of the guard, and to wear the same livery they do." Their uniform has not been changed since the reign of Charles II.

Looking-up the Tower is an ancient, curious, and stately ceremony. A few minutes before the clock strikes the hour of eleven—on Tuesdays and Friday, twelve—the head warder (yeoman porter), clothed in a long red cloak, bearing a huge bunch of keys, and attended by a brother warder carrying a lantern, appears in front of the main guard-house, and loudly calls out, "Escort keys!" The sergeant of the guard, with five or six men, then turns out and follows him to the "Spur," or outer gate, each sentry challenging as they pass his post, "Who goes there?"—"Keys." The gates being carefully locked and barred, the procession returns, the sentries exacting the same explanation, and receiving the same answer as before. Arrived once more in front of the main guard-house, the sentry there gives a loud stamp with his foot, and asks, "Who goes there?"—"Keys." "Whose Keys?"—"Queen Victoria's keys." "Advance Queen Victoria's keys, and all's well." The yeoman porter then exclaims, "God bless Queen Victoria!" The main guard respond, "Amou." The officer on duty gives the word, "Present arms!" the firelocks rattle, the officer kisses the hilt of his sword, the escort fall in among their companions, and the yeoman porter marches across the parade alone to deposit the keys in the lieutenant's lodging. The ceremony over, not only is all egress and ingress totally precluded, but even within the walls no one can stir without being furnished with the countersign.

TEN THOUSAND HEADS WANTED for Jones and Co's Seven-and-Sixpenny hats, first rate value. Try one.—73, Long-acre.

#### COUNTRY SKETCHES.—RESERVOIR AT EVERTON, NEAR LIVERPOOL.

THE engraving on page 76 presents a view of one of the capacious reservoirs and noble water towers erected by the corporation of Liverpool, in connexion with its gigantic waterworks at Rivington, near Bolton, in Lancashire, distance from Liverpool twenty-seven miles. These works occupy the whole of a valley upwards of eight miles in length. In 1710 a project was started in Liverpool by Sir Cleave More, a gentleman whose family had been for many years intimately connected with the town, to bring water into it by means of wooden troughs from Bootle, a village about three miles distant, where there were abundant and fine springs.

This undertaking, however, fell through from want of adequate support—the inhabitants being, we suppose, content with the carts and leather buckets, by which they were supplied from the various public wells situated in different parts of the town. There was, amongst others, the Old Fall Well, which stood in Roe-street, at the back of the present Amphitheatre; another on Copperas-hill; another on Shaw's Brow, near where the pottery works stood.

There was also one called the "Dye House Well," in Gresham-street, near the present Sailors' Home, where, in 1758, a curious accident occurred. A coachman in the service of a clergyman of Liverpool, going to the well to water his horses, the coach was overturned, when one of the horses was drowned in the well, and Jehu narrowly escaped a similar fate, being extricated with difficulty. At that time there were nearly one hundred carts employed in carrying water, the charge for which was one halfpenny per "sack," or leather bucketful.

In 1772 another attempt was made by a Mr. Jordan to carry out the Bootle Water Works scheme. It was issued in £10 shares, but failed after some efforts were made to establish it. A few pipes, however, were laid down. In 1799 and 1800 the Liverpool Water Works were established, in 400 shares. This scheme was so highly thought of that the list closed in five minutes after the books were opened. Shares were £200 each, and an Act for the works was obtained under 26 Geo. III.

By an Act of Parliament, 29 George III, the Bootle Water Works were established. This company brought the water from the springs as proposed by Sir Cleave More and Mr. Jordan. In 1813, the company obtained an Act to enable it to extend its operations. In 1822, the Liverpool Waterworks Company also obtained an Act which enabled them to extend their operations.

In 1848, on the 1st of March, the Liverpool corporation purchased the interest of the two companies, paying for the Liverpool Water Works £330,719 13*s.*, and for the Bootle, £204,087 9*s.*—total, £534,807 2*s.* Since this period wells have been sunk by the corporation at Green-lane, near the Old Swan, and in other localities; but as these did not adequately supply the increasing and full wants of the inhabitants, the corporation constructed stupendous works at Rivington, as previously mentioned, and erected three reservoirs in connexion with them. There is one at Toxteth-park, a second at Kensington, and a third at Everton, a view of which we give, and which we shall briefly describe.

The tower is 150 feet in height, 257 feet in circumference, and the arches are thirty-eight feet. At the top of the tower is an iron tank which will contain 250,000 gallons of water, and the reservoir, which is seen on the left of the tower, will hold 6,500,000 gallons.

It is built of Everton stone, taken from a neighbouring quarry, well cemented together, and well laid with asphalt, or gas tar, in the lower courses. The floor is bricked and cemented; the roof is upheld by iron columns. On the outside is a grass-plot, which forms a public promenade. These erections cost about £26,000. The engine-house is seen projecting from the tank tower. The smoke and escape of steam is carried up the elegant campanile, surmounted by a flagstaff. The water is pumped up from the reservoir into the tank by an engine of 28-horse power, having a 3ft. cylinder and 6-4 stroke. From this elevation the Everton district is supplied.

CIVIL LIST PENSIONS.—The following is a list of pensions granted between the 20th June, 1865, and 20th June, 1866, and charged upon the civil list:—Miss Elizabeth Ann Bisset, in consideration of the literary merit of her father, the late Dr. Bisset, 20*l.*; Dame Clara Bromley, in consideration of the meritorious public services of her late husband, Sir R. Bromley, K.C.B., and the destitute position in which she is placed, 60*l.*; Mr. Edward Capern, in addition to the pension of 40*l.* which he now holds, bestowed upon him in acknowledgment of his literary merit and failing health, 20*l.*; Dame Elizabeth Eastlake, in consideration of the services rendered by her husband, the late Sir Charles Eastlake, to the Crown, and of his high attainments in art, 300*l.*; Mrs. Mary Gordon, in consideration of the eminent literary merits of her father, the late Mr. John Wilson, formerly Professor of Moral Philosophy in Edinburgh University, 50*l.*; Miss Matilda Mary Hays, in consideration of her constant labour of mind, and her distinguished attainments in literature, 100*l.*; Dame Helena Maria Hamilton, daughter of the late Sir W. Hamilton, Astronomer Royal of Ireland, in consideration of the distinguished merits of the said Sir William Hamilton, 200*l.*; Eliza Montgomery, widow of Lily Montgomery, daughter of the late Dr. Montgomery, in consideration of the abilities, learning, and attainments of the said Dr. Montgomery, 100*l.*; Dame Margaret Anne Phipps, in consideration of the long, faithful, and confidential services rendered by her late husband, Sir Charles Phipps, K.C.B., to her Majesty and the royal family, 150*l.*; Miss Eliza Mary Roberts, in consideration of the high mechanical inventions and scientific acquisitions of her late father, Mr. Roberts, 200*l.*; total, 1,200*l.*

A WATERLOO VETERAN.—Matthew Anderson, formerly of the Scots Greys, died at his residence in Tichfield Street, Kilmarlock, on the 2nd July. He was the last of those of the Scots Greys who fought in the ever-memorable battle of Waterloo. He was a young soldier then, and Waterloo was his first engagement, as it was his last. He served for twenty-nine years in the army, and at the termination of this period was discharged with a pension. Anderson was a native of the village of Crookedholm, where his father was a grain-merchant and cow-feeder. Another native of Crookedholm, James Love, a companion of Anderson, was also in the Greys at Waterloo, but had not the good fortune of Anderson, for he died on the field.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF A GOOD HAT.—A hat is the index to the character and condition of the wearer—a proof of taste and sense, in fact. A good hat shows that a man has a proper respect for the prevailing fashion of progress in the customs of civilised society. Walker's Half-Guinea Hats are unequalled in quality and style; the shapes being in every variety, are suitable to all comers. To improve the memory, it would be well to repeat frequently that WALKER'S HAT MANUFACTORY is at No. 49, Crawford-street, corner of Seymour place, Marylebone. [Advertisement.]

CHILDREN TEETHING! MRS. WISLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP, for children teething, is perfectly harmless. It produces natural, quiet sleep, by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes "as bright as a button." It cures wind colic, and regulates the bowels, gives rest to the mother, and health to the child. It has been thirty years in use in America, and is now sold in this country by all principal medicine dealers, at 1*s.* 1*d.* per bottle. [Advertisement.]

#### Varieties.

THE FENIAN MOVEMENT IN CANADA.—To the right about.—Punch.

Good blood will show itself," as the old lady said when she was struck by the redness of her nose.

A B.A.—An old lady lately refused to let her niece dance with a young graduate because she heard that he was a bachelor of arts, whereby she understood him to be an artful bachelor.

"Won't you cut open a penny for me, father?" said a little girl when she came home from school one day. "Cut open a penny! What do you want me to do that for?" asked her father. "Cause," said the little girl, "our teacher says that in every penny there are four farthings, and I want to see them."

TO BE APPLIED EXTERNALLY.—A gentleman writing from America says that the only reason why advertisements in the Yankee papers do not contain, as ours do, the words "No Irish need apply," is this,—that the Americans have long since found out that the chief failing of the Irish is a want of application.—Fun.

'TIS TRUE 'TIS PITY, AND PITY 'TIS 'TIS TRUE.—That Shakespeare was "not for an age but for all time," is abundantly proved by the applicability of his various aphorisms to present times and circumstances, but in none more perhaps than in the present instance. A certain actor who is put into parts above his capacity (and knows it, strange to say), and whose weekly "screw" is a matter of uncertainty, says his time is wholly passed in "strutting his hour upon the stage" and "fretting off it."—Sydney Punch.

#### ON A RECENT ADVERTISEMENT.

Mrs. Gamp says "bad 'abits once fell in."

To be shook off entirely declines;"

Well, 'twas not the first time that Dunkellin

Walked into the enemy's lines.—Fun.

#### A VERY STRONG UNION.

At the Thames Police-court, the other day, one William Onion was committed for trial on a charge of violently assaulting a policeman. He had been previously convicted eight times for assaults on the police, and once for ill-using a publican. Mr. Onion was described as "a tall and strong-looking man." Onions generally are strong. This Onion appears to be absolutely insufferable.—Punch.

#### CONTINENTAL SKETCHES.—PEASANT WOMEN OF NORMANDY.

ONE of the most striking objects which arrests the attention of the tourist in Normandy is the picturesque head-dresses of the females of all classes. Our engraving on page 77 depicts a few of them. Many are elaborately made up of most expensive lace, manufactured by the wearers themselves. They are naturally very proud of these head-dresses, and on holidays there is an immense show of them.

#### MARRIAGE CEREMONY AT EMBRUN.

As a contrast to the recent royal marriage ceremony, we publish on page 72 an illustration of the kind of sport that enlivens a wedding-day in the little town of Embrun, in the department of the Upper Alps.

On leaving the church, the wedding party, at the head of which marches an old man with a hurdy-gurdy, is escorted by two young men carrying, one a distaff and spindle, the other a young hen secured to a long staff by ribbons. On the arrival of the procession at the future home of the newly-married couple, the bride is received by the mother-in-law, who hands to her a plate of corn, which is immediately distributed amongst the fowls, and then a basket containing a quantity of round crusty rolls is produced. The bride, on receiving this, makes her way to the balcony, and from thence, assisted by the bridegroom, scatters among the crowd of guests the lucky rolls; lucky, because the damsel who shall be so fortunate as to obtain one which has been hurled through the air by the bride is certain to be married during the year. It is amusing to watch the ardour with which the swarm of domineering maidens, and sparkish bachelors, even, rush after the crusty rolls—infallible securities against the miseries of celibacy. When the scrambling is over, the party, which generally numbers from one hundred to one hundred and fifty persons, sit down to a banquet, which is characterized by the most lavish profusion. If it should happen to be summer time, a level plot of grass is selected for the wedding feast, at the termination of which the guests proceed to dance upon the spot where late they dined. The heroes of Homer are said to have been large eaters, but the peasants of Embrun would, we think, prove a match for them. These mountaineers are generally of a sober temperament, but on these occasions they eat and drink to such an excess that whole oxen, sheep, and pipes of wine disappear as if by enchantment. In the evening the old people gather together in knots, while the young ones give themselves up to dancing and singing, and it is impossible to conceive the rustic delight and joy which usually terminates this happy day, and inaugurates the career of the newly-wedded couple.

THE USE OF THE NEEDLE GUN.—We read in the *Moniteur du Soir*:—"Letters from Berlin attribute in great part to the employment of the needle gun the success achieved by the armies of King William. According to these communications the Austrian battalions, conforming to the instructions of Marshal Benedek, were to have endeavoured in all these encounters to attack their adversaries with the bayonet, but they rarely succeeded. The Prussian lines, often disposed in three ranks, as in the time of Frederick the Great, and contrary to the prescriptions of their existing regulations, allowed them to approach to about 150 yards, the officers preventing the men from firing, and habitually recommending them to stoop down so as to offer a smaller mark to the fire of the enemy. But from the moment that the enemy's forces arrived at that distance, they were received with five or six rounds, fired shot upon shot with the extraordinary rapidity attainable by the system of breach-loading, and which struck down every time so many men that the attacking party were forced to retire in disorder, notwithstanding the heroic example of their officers, of whom the Prussian reports speak most highly. On the rare occasions when, favoured by the ground, the Austrians have succeeded in crossing bayonets, they have always had the advantage. The checks suffered by the Austrian cavalry must also be principally attributed to the new weapon. The Prussian horse have adopted the tactics of awaiting the charge of the Austrian squadrons, and covering them with a well-sustained fire from their needle carbines. They kill thus a great many men and horses, and only put themselves in motion when they see the enemy beginning to hesitate, and so presenting themselves within reach under circumstances naturally unfavourable."



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